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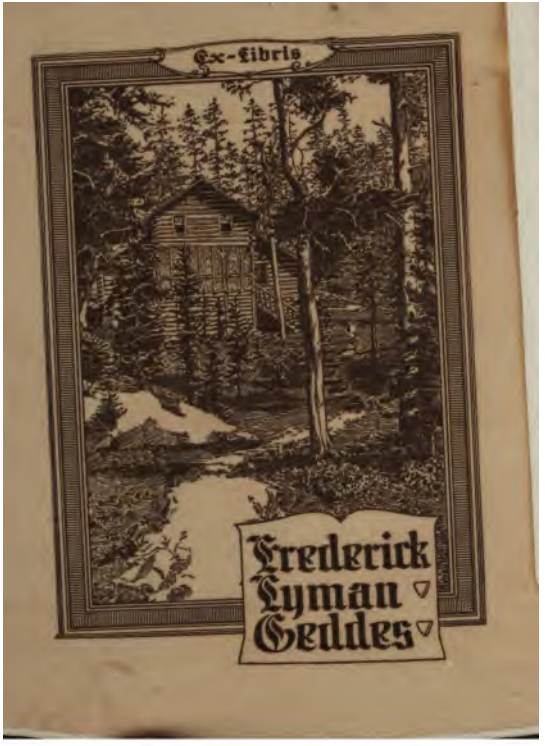
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that foul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with fuch a graceful eafe,
Loaded with pond'rous fenfe!——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleft'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs fuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verfe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praife.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT,

And applied to

THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP,

WITH PREFACE, NOTES, INDEXES,

&c. &c. &c.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Psalms concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32. ——*David, Samuel, and the Prophets, ver.* 40. ——*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

Gift
Geddes Family
4-29-32

THE LIFE OF

DR. ISAAC WATTS †.

It has been so usual to prefix some account of an author's life to his works, that many persons would no doubt be disappointed of their expectation, and would look upon the book as imperfect, without something of that sort. It is not because there is no surviving friend of the Doctor's who would willingly pay that respect to his memory as to write the history of his life that the reader is not gratified in this respect with so large a narrative as he would probably desire, but it is because the Doctor himself while living disapproved it; for when he has been desired to leave some memoirs that might furnish out such a history he absolutely declined it, and desired that his character might stand in the world merely as it would appear in his Works. Besides, as the Doctor's feeble state of health through the greater part of his life obliged him to pass the most of his time in retirement from the world, not so many incidents and changes occurred in his life (which was for the most part led on in one even track) as generally furnish out a good part of such histories, (and that by the way makes it truly wonderful how he acquired such a knowledge of the

† Taken from the Account of Dr. Watts's Life and Character prefixed to the quarto edition of his Works in six vols. printed in 1753.

world and of mankind as appears in his writings, and it ſhews him to have been a very curious and judicious obſerver of every thing that lay within his notice) though yet an entertaining and uſeful narrative might have been formed by interſperſing it with letters which he wrote to his friends on various occaſions, many of which might probably have been picked up; but it is in deference to his judgment, and indeed in compliance with his deſire, that none of them are publiſhed: for on the publication of ſome letters to particular friends along with an author's life ſome years ago, the Doctor expreſſed his diſapprobation of ſuch a practice, and was pleaſed to ſay "that if he knew "any body who would publiſh his letters after he was "dead he ſhould not thank him for it." Thoſe letters muſt therefore remain in the private hands of his friends to whom they were inſcribed, and by whom many of them are prized more than gold. However, in ſome ſort to comply with cuſtom, as well as to preſerve the memory of ſo amiable a character and ſo inſtructive an example as Dr. Watts's was, it is thought proper on this occaſion to republiſh the following brief Memoirs of his Life and Character from his funeral ſermon preached by Dr. Jennings to the church of which he was paſtor Dec. 11. 1748.

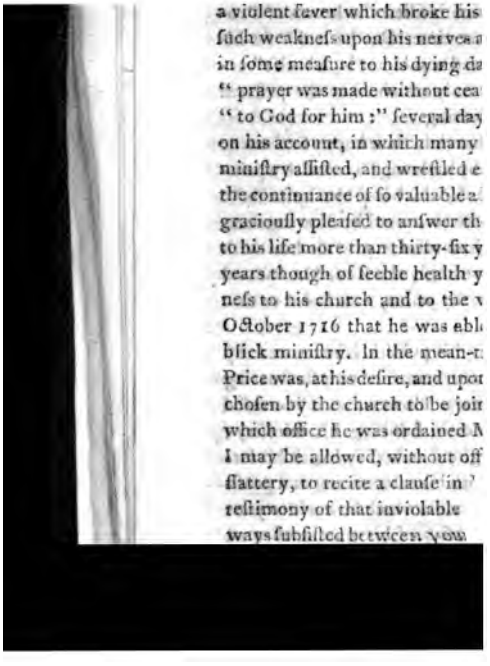
"Dr. Iſaac Watts was born at Southampton July 17. 1674, of parents who were eminent for religion, and were conſiderable ſufferers for conſcience ſake in

ſtor Dec. 11. 1748.

atts was born at Southampton July

ents who were eminent for religion,

rable *ſufferers for conſc*ience ſake in


a violent fever which broke his
ſuch weakneſs upon his nerves a
in ſome meaſure to his dying da
" prayer was made without cea
" to God for him :" ſeveral day
on his account, in which many
miniſtry aſſiſted, and wreſtled e
the continuance of ſo valuable a
graciouſly pleaſed to anſwer th
to his life more than thirty-ſix y
years though of feeble health y
neſs to his church and to the v
October 1716 that he was abl
blick miniſtry. In the mean-t
Price was, at his deſire, and upo
choſen by the church to be join
which office he was ordained M
I may be allowed, without off
flattery, to recite a clauſe in
teſtimony of that inviolable
ways ſubſiſted between you

In January 1701 he received a call from this church to ſucceed Dr. Chauncy in the paſtoral office, which he ſignified his acceptance of the very day that King William died, notwithſtanding the diſcouraging proſpect which that event gave to men of his profeſſion, and the fears with which it filled the hearts of Proteſtant Diſſenters at that time. But he had "ſet his "hand to the plough, and would not look back:" accordingly he was ſolemnly ordained to the paſtoral office 18th March following.

But the joy of the church in their happy ſettlement was ſoon after damped by his being ſeized with a painful and threatening illneſs, which laid him by for ſome time, and from which he recovered by ſlow degrees; upon which they ſaw it needful to provide him with a ſtated Aſſiſtant; accordingly the Rev. Mr. Samuel Price, your preſent worthy paſtor, was choſen to that ſervice in July 1703.

But notwithſtanding his publick labours were by this means eaſed his health remained very fluctuating and tender for ſome years. However as it increaſed he renewed his diligence in fulfilling his miniſtry; and how were you delighted and edified with his ſermons in publick, and with his entertaining and profitable converſation in the viſits which he made to your families! It was in this ſeaſon of his more confirmed [illegible] he formed a ſociety of the younger members of this church for prayer and religious conference, [illegible] delivered the ſubſtance of that excellent

book which he afterwards publiſhed under the title of A Guide to Prayer. Now he went on without any conſiderable interruption in his work, and with great ſucceſs and proſperity to his church, till the year 1712, when in the month of September he was viſited with a violent fever which broke his conſtitution, and left ſuch weakneſs upon his nerves as continued with him in ſome meaſure to his dying day. Upon this occaſion "prayer was made without ceaſing of the church un- "to God for him:" ſeveral days of prayer were kept on his account, in which many of his brethren in the miniſtry aſſiſted, and wreſtled earneſtly with God for the continuance of ſo valuable a life; and God has been graciouſly pleaſed to anſwer their prayers by adding to his life more than thirty-ſix years, the moſt of them years though of feeble health yet of eminent uſefulneſs to his church and to the world. It was not till October 1716 that he was able to return to his publick miniſtry. In the mean-time his Aſſiſtant Mr. Price was, at his deſire, and upon his recommendation, choſen by the church to be joint paſtor with him, to which office he was ordained March 3. 1713. I hope I may be allowed, without offence or appearance of flattery, to recite a clauſe in Dr. Watts's laſt will in teſtimony of that inviolable friendſhip which has always ſubſiſted between your two worthy paſtors, and which has contributed ſo much to their mutual comfort and honour, and to your eſtabliſhment and edification. Dr. Watts ſtyles him "His faithful friend and

"companion in the labours of the miniſtry;" and mentions a legacy that he leaves him "as only a ſmall teſti-"mony of his great affection for him, on account of "his ſervices of love during the many harmonious "years of their fellowſhip in the work of the goſpel."

But though this long interval of ſickneſs was on ſome accounts a very melancholy ſeaſon, yet a kind Providence made it to be the happieſt era of his life, as it was the occaſion of introducing him into the family of a late excellent perſon†, who on a principle of the moſt generous friendſhip and compaſſion took him, in a very languiſhing ſtate of health, to his own houſe, where from that moment to the day of his death he was abundantly ſupplied with all that could miniſter either to the convenience or ſatisfaction of his life; for though this remarkable friend of miniſters of the church of God and of his country died in the year 1722, the benevolent ſpirit he manifeſted ſurvived in his worthy relict, and was inherited by his children. It would be preſumption in me to attempt to recount the numberleſs inſtances of that "gene-"rous and tender care (as the Doctor expreſſes it in "his laſt will) ſhown him by her ladyſhip and her fa-"mily in his long illneſs many years ago, when he "was capable of no ſervice, and alſo of her eminent "friendſhip and goodneſs during his continuance in "the family ever ſince;" yet this I will venture to ſay, in alluſion to the bleſſing which our Lord pro-

† Sir Thomas Abney Knight, and Alderman of London.

nounced on the good woman in the gospel who had beſtowed a box of precious ointment on him, that whereſoever Dr. Watts's Works are read or his name remembered that of Abney ought not to be forgotten.

In the year 1728 the univerſities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen in Scotland did in a moſt reſpectful manner, without his knowledge, confer the degree of Doctor in Divinity on him, and on ſome others of his brethren.

His laſt ſickneſs was rather a decay of nature, worn out with age and labours, than any particular diſtemper, therefore it was lingering and long; the ſprings of life were unbending by degrees, till at length the earthly tabernacle fell quite to decay, and was put off by the immortal ſpirit. And thus after a life of eminent ſervice both of God and his generation he fell aſleep in Jeſus Nov. 25. 1748, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age.

It would require a maſterly hand to draw the portrait of this great man in its full proportion and proper colours, a taſk I was never equal to, and am leaſt of all now, when I doubt not but your hearts will in ſome meaſure tell you what mine feels upon the mention of his name, and upon calling the remembrance of him to mind: however I will endeavour to preſent you with an imperfect ſketch of ſome of the principal features.

The natural ſtrength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very conſiderable acquaintance with the moſt celebrated writers both ancient

and modern, had enriched his mind with a large and uncommon ſtore of juſt ſentiments and uſeful knowledge of various kinds, for his ſoul was too noble and large to be confined within narrow limits; he could not be content to leave any path of learning untried, nor to reſt in a total ignorance of any ſcience the knowledge of which might be for his own improvement, or might any ways tend to enlarge his capacity of being uſeful to others.

Though that which gave him the moſt remarkable preeminence was the extent and ſublimity of his imagination, yet how few have excelled or even equalled him in quickneſs of apprehenſion and ſolidity of judgment? and having alſo a faithful memory to retain what he collected from the labours of others, he was able to pay it back again into the common treaſury of learning with a large increaſe. I queſtion whether any author before him did ever appear with reputation on ſuch a variety of ſubjects as he has done, both as a proſe writer and a poet. However this I may venture to ſay, that there is no man now living of whoſe works ſo many have been diſperſed both at home and abroad, that are in ſuch conſtant uſe, and tranſlated into ſuch a variety of languages, many of which will I doubt not remain more durable monuments of his great talents than any repreſentation I can make of them though it were to be graven on pillars of brafs. Thus did he ſhine as an ingenious man and a ſcholar.

But we are further to obſerve him in a more exalted point of view for our inſtruction and imitation; I mean as a Chriſtian, in which character he ſhone brighteſt of all; and it is hard to ſay what grace or virtue was moſt conſpicuous in him and moſt characteriſtick of him.

Pure and undiſſembled piety was the ſettled habit and conſtant dreſs of his mind; and though he loved and enjoyed much retirement, yet did he not thereby contract any thing of an affected ſtiffneſs or monkiſh auſterity, but on the contrary, the ſatisfaction and pleaſure that he found in communion with God in ſolitude made him the more eaſy and cheerful in his converſe with men, and ſeemed to enlighten his very countenance.

His humility was like a deep ſhade, if I may ſo expreſs it, that ſet off his other graces and virtues and made them ſhine with a brighter luſtre; and as this grace had a mighty influence on his heart and temper, ſo it had no little effect in forming his ſentiments; for he never thought he could be laid too low, as a creature or a ſinner, that he might do honour to the perfections and grace of God; and from hence in a great meaſure aroſe that high eſteem which he had for the Chriſtian diſpenſation, which is ſo apparently calculated to exalt God and to humble man. Nor was his humility leſs conſpicuous in his outward carriage and behaviour towards others; from hence flowed that condeſcenſion and gentleneſs, that humanity and

kindneſs, that could not but endear him to all who had the pleaſure of converſing with him, and which rendered him truly venerable in a much higher degree than all the honours and applauſes he received from the world. In ſhort, his deſcription of this grace, which he has ſo beautifully exemplified in the character of St. Paul†, ſeems to be but a tranſcript of his own heart and life.

In cloſe connexion with the grace of humility were to be ſeen his candour and charity, for which he was remarkably eminent. The love that glowed in his heart to his Saviour conſtrained him cordially to embrace all whom he eſteemed to be his genuine diſciples; and no party names nor variety of ſentiments in matters of doubtful diſputation, nor of practice in modes of worſhip, could divide him in affection from ſuch as he had reaſon to hope loved our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity; accordingly he maintained a free and friendly correſpondence with Chriſtians of different parties and denominations. Though he judged the principles of the moderate Nonconformiſts moſt favourable to Chriſtian liberty and the rights of conſcience, and their forms of worſhip moſt agreeable to the ſimplicity of the goſpel, yet he had a high veneration for the perſons and writings of many in the eſtabliſhed church, as many of them both in higher and lower ſtations had for him and his writings. And

† Humility repreſented in the Character of St. Paul. By Iſaac Watts, D. D.

I speak it to the distinguished honour and praise of some very reverend personages of that communion, as well as to his, that they frequently presented him with their works and accepted of his in return; on which, as well as on other occasions, very serious and affectionate letters have passed between them for the strengthening each others hands in the cause of our common Christianity.

What his sentiments were as to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel you who have statedly attended on his ministry well know, and none need be ignorant who will peruse his writings.

Though he occasionally engaged in the controversies of the day, it was evidently with a view to heal and reconcile disputes amongst Christians rather than to make proselytes to any party; and however any may in some matters differ from him in judgment, all must allow that he wrote on such occasions with such a spirit of meekness and love as is truly instructive and exemplary.

Nor did love and goodness only dwell in his heart, but flowed out from thence in liberal and beneficent actions; for I am credibly informed that from the time he was received into Sir Thomas Abney's family he constantly devoted a fifth part of his income to charitable uses.

It is no wonder that a man thus richly furnished with *gifts and* graces was an admired preacher. Though his *stature* was low and his bodily presence but weak, yet

his preaching was weighty and powerful. There was a certain dignity and ſpirit in his very aſpect when he appeared in the pulpit that commanded attention and awe; and when he ſpoke, ſuch ſtrains of truly Chriſtian eloquence flowed from his lips, and theſe ſo apparently animated with zeal for God and the moſt tender concern for your ſouls and their everlaſting ſalvation, as one would think could not be eaſily ſlighted or reſiſted.

Though his publick labours for your good were frequently interrupted by ſickneſs, yet was he not even in thoſe intervals laid wholly aſide from his uſefulneſs, for not only was his exemplary patience and reſignation to the will of God in thoſe ſeaſons of his ſuffering very inſtructive, but ſome of the fineſt and moſt uſeful productions of his pen, as particularly a good part of his Imitation of the Pſalms of David, owe their birth to thoſe ſeaſons of conſtrained retirement.

In his laſt ſickneſs the active and ſprightly powers of his nature failed him, that is, they were gradually doing ſo for two or three years before his deceaſe; yet his truſt in God through Jeſus the Mediator remained unſhaken to the laſt. He has been heard to ſay, "I "bleſs God I can lie down with comfort at night, not "being ſolicitous whether I awake in this world or "another." And again, "I ſhould be glad to read "more, yet not in order to be more confirmed in the "truth of the Chriſtian religion or in the truth of its

" promiſes, for I believe them enough to venture an " eternity on them." When he was almoſt worn out and broken down by his infirmities he obſerved, in converſation with a friend, that " he remembered an " aged miniſter uſed to ſay that the moſt learned and " knowing Chriſtians when they come to die have " only the ſame plain promiſes of the goſpel for their " ſupport as the common and unlearned; and ſo, ſaid " he, I find it: it is the plain promiſes of the goſpel " that are my ſupport, and I bleſs God they are plain " promiſes, that do not require much labour and pains " to underſtand them, for I can do nothing now but " look into my Bible for ſome promiſe to ſupport me, " and live upon that." When he has found his ſpirit tending to impatience, and ready to complain that he could only lead a mere animal life, he would check himſelf thus, " The buſineſs of a Chriſtian is to bear " the will of God as well as to do it. If I were in health " I could only be doing that, and that I may do now. " The beſt thing in obedience is a regard to the will " of God, and the way to that is to get our inclina- " tions and averſions as much mortified as we can." With ſuch a calm and peaceful mind, with ſuch a bleſſed and lively hope, did this faithful ſervant of Chriſt wait for his Maſter's ſummons till the long-wiſhed for period came, and then he went to reſt from his labours where his works follow him."

THE PREFACE,

OR,

An Inquiry into the right way of fitting The Book of Pſalms for Chriſtian Worſhip.

THOUGH the Pſalms of David are a work of admirable and divine compoſure, though they contain the nobleſt ſentiments of piety, and breathe a moſt exalted ſpirit of devotion, yet when the beſt of Chriſtians attempt to ſing many of them in our common tranſlation that ſpirit of devotion vaniſhes and is loſt, the pſalm dies upon their lips, and they feel ſcarce any thing of the holy pleaſure.

If I were to render the reaſons of it I would give this for one of the chief, namely, that the royal Pſalmiſt here expreſſes his own concerns in words exactly ſuited to his own thoughts, agreeable to his own perſonal character, and in the language of his own religion: this keeps all the ſprings of pious paſſion awake, when ev'ry line and ſyllable ſo nearly affects himſelf; this naturally raiſes in a devout mind a more lively and tranſporting worſhip; but when we who are Chriſtians ſing the ſame lines we expreſs nothing but the character, the concerns, and the religion of the Jewiſh king; while our own circumſtances and our own religion (which are ſo widely different from his) have

little to do in the ſacred ſong, and our affections want ſomething of property or intereſt in the words to awaken them at firſt and to keep them lively.

If this attempt of mine, through the divine bleſſing, become ſo happy as to remove this great inconvenience, and to introduce warm devotion into this part of divine worſhip, I ſhall eſteem it an honourable ſervice done to the church of Chriſt.

It is neceſſary therefore that I ſhould here inform my readers at large, what the titlepage expreſſes in a ſhorter way, and aſſure them that they are not to expect in this book an exact tranſlation of The Pſalms of David; for if I had not conceived a different deſign from all that have gone before me in this work I had never attempted a ſervice ſo full of labour, though I muſt confeſs it has not wanted its pleaſure too.

In order to give a plain account of my preſent undertaking I ſhall firſt repreſent the methods that my predeceſſors have followed in their verſions; in the next place I hope to make it evident that thoſe methods can never attain the nobleſt and higheſt ends of Chriſtian pſalmody; and then deſcribe the courſe that I have taken, different from them all, together with ſome brief hints of the reaſons that induced me to it.

Firſt, I will repreſent the methods that my predeceſſors have followed. I have ſeen above twenty verſions of the Pſalter by perſons of richer and meaner ta-

ſhipper, *but after the writer's utmoſt care the*
ſtill be room for Chriſtian wiſdom to exerci
thoughts aright in ſinging, when the words ſeen
proper to our particular caſe, yet as far as poſ
every difficulty of this kind ſhould be removed,
ſuch ſentences ſhould by no means be choſen wh
can ſcarce be uſed in their proper ſenſe by any th
are preſent.

I could never perſuade myſelf that the beſt way t
raiſe a devout frame in plain Chriſtians was to bring
a king or a captain into their churches, and let him
lead and dictate the worſhip in his own ſtyle of royal-
ty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every
menial ſervant in the aſſembly know how to uſe theſe
words devoutly, namely, "When I receive the con-
"gregation I will judge uprightly, Pſalm lxxv. 2.
"A bow of ſteel is broken by mine arms.—As ſoon
"as they hear of me they ſhall obey me," Pſalm xviii.
34. 44.? Would I encourage a Pariſh-clerk to ſtand up
in the midſt of a country-church and bid all the peo-
ple join with his words, and ſay, "I will praiſe thee
"upon a pſaltery;" or, "I will open my dark ſaying
"upon the harp?" when even our cathedrals ſing
nly to the ſound of an organ, moſt of the meaner
urches can have no muſick but the voice, and others
ll have none beſides. Why then muſt all who will
g a pſalm at church uſe ſuch words as if they were
lay upon the harp and pſaltery, when thouſands

daiſms. This is the thing that hath introduced him into the favour of ſo many religious aſſemblies; even thoſe very perſons that have an averſion to ſing any thing in worſhip but David's Pſalms have been led inſenſibly to fall in with Dr. Patrick's performance by a reliſh of pious pleaſure, never conſidering that his work is by no means a juſt tranſlation, but a paraphraſe; and there are ſcarce any that have departed farther from the inſpired words of Scripture than he hath often done, in order to ſuit his thoughts to the ſtate and worſhip of Chriſtianity. This I eſteem his peculiar excellency in thoſe pſalms wherein he has practiſed it; this I have made my chief care and buſineſs in every pſalm, and have attempted at leaſt to exceed him in this as well as in the art of verſe, and yet I have often kept nearer to the text.

But after all this good man hath ſuffered himſelf ſo far to be carried away by cuſtom as to make all the other perſonal characters and circumſtances of David appear ſtrong and plain except that of a Jew, and many of them he has repreſented in ſtronger and plainer terms than the original. This will appear to any one that compares theſe following texts in Dr. Patrick with the Bible, namely, Pſalm iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5. and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and ſeveral others: ſo that it is hard to find even in his verſion ſix or eight ſtanzas together in any *pſalm* (that has perſonal or national affairs in it) ſo fit

to be assumed by a vulgar Christian, or so proper to be sung by a whole congregation. This renders the due performance of psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the verses, but it is extremely troublesome in those assemblies where the psalm is sung without reading it line by line, which yet is beyond all exception the truest and the best method; for in this way of singing there can be no omission of a verse, though it be never so improper; but the whole church must run down to the next division of the psalm, and sing all that comes next to their lips, till the Clerk puts them to silence: or to remedy this inconvenience, if a wise man leads the song he dwells always upon four or five-and-twenty pieces of some select psalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow round still for want of larger provision suited to our present circumstances.

I might here also remark to what a hard shift the minister is put to find proper hymns at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, where the people will sing nothing but out of David's psalmbook. How perpetually do they repeat some part of the xxiii. or cxviii. psalm? and confine all the glorious joy and melody of that ordinance to a few obscure lines, because the translators have not indulged an evangelical turn to the words of David? no not in those very places where the Jewish Psalmist seems to mean the gospel,

but as excellent a poet as he was he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the infancy of that dispensation, and longs for the aid of a Christian writer; though, to speak my own sense freely, I do not think David ever wrote a psalm of sufficient glory and sweetness to represent the blessings of this holy institution of Christ, even though it were explained by a copious commentator; therefore it is my opinion that other spiritual songs should sometimes be used to render Christian psalmody complete. But this is not my present business, and I have written on this subject elsewhere.

To proceed to the second part of my Preface, which is to shew how insufficient a strict translation of the Psalms is to attain the designed end.

There are several songs of this royal author that seem improper for any person besides himself, so that I cannot believe that the whole book of Psalms (even in the original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and constant worship of the Jewish sanctuary or the synagogues, though several of them might be often sung, much less are they all proper for a Christian church; yet the way of a close translation of this whole book of Hebrew Psalms for English and Christian psalmody has generally obtained among us.

Some pretend it is but a just respect for the Holy Scriptures, for they have imbibed a fond opinion *from their* very childhood that nothing is to be sung

at church but the inſpired writings, how different ſoever the ſenſe is from our preſent ſtate. But this opinion has been taken upon truſt by the moſt part of its advocates, and borrowed chiefly from education, cuſtom, and the authority of others, which if duly examined will appear to have been built upon too ſlight and feeble foundations: the weakneſs of it I ſhall ſhew more at large in another place; but it appears of itſelf more eminently inconſiſtent in thoſe perſons that ſcruple to addreſs God in proſe in any precompoſed forms whatſoever; and they give this reaſon, becauſe they cannot be fitted to all our preſent occaſions; and yet in verſe they confine their addreſſes to ſuch forms as were fitted chiefly for Jewiſh worſhippers, and for the ſpecial occaſions of David the king.

Others maintain that a ſtrict and ſcrupulous confinement to the ſenſe of the original is neceſſary to do juſtice to the royal author; but in my judgment the royal author is moſt honoured when he is made moſt intelligible, and when his admirable compoſures are copied in ſuch language as gives light and joy to the ſaints that live two thouſand years after him; whereas ſuch a mere tranſlation of all his verſe into Engliſh to be ſung in our worſhip ſeems to darken our religion; by running back again to Judaiſm it damps our delight, and almoſt forbids the Chriſtian worſhipper to purſue the ſong. How can we aſſume to ourſelves

all his words in our personal or publick addresses to God when our condition of life, our time, place, and religion, are so vastly different from those of David?

I grant it is necessary and proper that in translating every part of Scripture for our reading or hearing the sense of the original should be exactly and faithfully represented, for there we learn what God says to us in his word: but in singing for the most part the case is altered; for as the greatest number of the Psalms are devotional, and there the Psalmists express their own personal or national concerns, so we are taught by their example what is the chief design of psalmody, namely, that we should represent our own sense of things in singing, and address ourselves to God expressing our own case; therefore the words should be so far adapted to the general state of the worshippers as that we might seldom sing those expressions in which we have no concern; or at least our translators of the Psalms should observe this rule, that when the peculiar circumstances of ancient saints are formed into a song for our present and publick use, they should be related rather in an historical manner, and not retain the personal pronouns *I* and *We* where the transactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our persons, churches, or nation.

Moses, Deborah, and the princes of Israel David, Asaph, and Habakkuk, and all the saints under the Jewish state, sung their own joys and victories, their

words imply some peculiar wants or diſtreſſes, joys or bleſſings, I have uſed words of greater latitude and comprehenſion, ſuited to the general circumſtances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Chriſt and his ſalvation I have given an hiſtorical turn to the ſe[illegible]re is no neceſſity that we ſhould always ſing [illegible] obſcure and doubtful ſtyle of prediction when [illegible]ngs foretold are brought into open light by a ful[illegible]mpliſhment. Where the writers of the New Te[illegible]ament have cited or alluded to any part of the Pſalms I have often indulged the liberty of paraphraſe, according to the words of Chriſt or his apoſtles; and ſurely this may be eſteemed the word of God ſtill, though borrowed from ſeveral parts of the holy Scripture; where the Pſalmiſt deſcribes religion by the fear of God I have often joined faith and love to it; where he ſpeaks of the pardon of ſin through the mercies of God I have added the blood or merits of a Saviour; where he talks of ſacrificing goats or bullocks I rather chuſe to mention the ſacrifice of Chriſt, the Lamb of God: when he attends the ark with ſhouting into Zion I ſing the aſcenſion of my Saviour into heaven, or his preſence in his church on earth; where he promiſes abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed ſome of theſe typical bleſſings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the goſpel, and greater

tied up to forms more than the Jews themselves were, and such as are much more improper for our age and state too? Let us remember that the very power of singing was given to human nature chiefly for this purpose, that our own warmest affections of soul might break out into natural or divine melody, and that the tongue of the worshipper might express his own heart.

I confess it is not unlawful nor absurd for a person of knowledge and skill in divine things to sing any part of the Jewish psalmbook and consider it merely as the word of God, from which by wise meditation he may draw some pious inferences for his own use, for instruction is allowed to be one end of psalmody; but where the words are obscure Hebraisms, or where the poet personates a Jew, a soldier, or a King, speaking to himself or to God, this mode of instruction in a song seems not so natural or easy even to the most skilful Christian, and it is almost impracticable to the greatest part of mankind; and both the wise and the weak must confess this, that it does by no means raise their own devotion so well as if they were speaking in their own persons and expressing their own sense: besides that the weaker Christian is ready to chime in with the words he sings, and use them as his own, though they are never so foreign to his purpose.

Now though it cannot be that a large book of lively devotions should be so framed as to have every line perfectly suited to all the circumstances of every wor-

ſhipper, but after the writer's utmoſt care there will ſtill be room for Chriſtian wiſdom to exerciſe the thoughts aright in ſinging, when the words ſeem improper to our particular caſe, yet as far as poſſible every difficulty of this kind ſhould be removed, and ſuch ſentences ſhould by no means be choſen which can ſcarce be uſed in their proper ſenſe by any that are preſent.

I could never perſuade myſelf that the beſt way to raiſe a devout frame in plain Chriſtians was to bring a king or a captain into their churches, and let him lead and dictate the worſhip in his own ſtyle of royalty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every menial ſervant in the aſſembly know how to uſe theſe words devoutly, namely, "When I receive the con-"gregation I will judge uprightly, Pſalm lxxv. 2. "A bow of ſteel is broken by mine arms.—As ſoon "as they hear of me they ſhall obey me," Pſalm xviii. 34. 44.? Would I encourage a Pariſh-clerk to ſtand up in the midſt of a country-church and bid all the people join with his words, and ſay, "I will praiſe thee "upon a pſaltery;" or, "I will open my dark ſaying "upon the harp?" when even our cathedrals ſing only to the ſound of an organ, moſt of the meaner churches can have no muſick but the voice, and others will have none beſides. Why then muſt all who will ſing a pſalm at church uſe ſuch words as if they were to play upon the harp and pſaltery, when thouſands

never saw such an instrument, and know nothing of the art?

You will tell me perhaps that when you take these expressions upon your lips you mean only that you will worship God according to his appointment now, even as David worshipped him in his day according to God's appointment then. But why will ye confine yourselves to speak one thing and mean another? why must we be bound up to such words as can never be addressed to God in their own sense? and since the heart of a Christian cannot join herein with his lips, why may not his lips be led to speak his heart? Experience itself has often shewn that it interrupts the holy melody, and spoils the devotion of many a sincere good man or woman, when in the midst of the song some speeches of David have been almost imposed upon their tongues where he relates his own troubles, his banishment, or peculiar deliverances, where he speaks like a Jewish prince, a musician, or a prophet, or where the sense is so obscure that it cannot be understood without a learned commentator.

Here I may with courage address myself to the heart and conscience of many pious and observing Christians, and ask them whether they have not found a most divine pleasure in singing when the words of the psalm have happily expressed their frame of soul? Have you not felt a new joy spring within you when you could speak your own desires and hopes, your own

faith, love, and zeal, in the language of the holy Pſalmiſt? have not your ſpirits taken wing and mounted up near to God and glory with the ſong of David on your tongue? but on a ſudden the Clerk has propoſed the next line to your lips with dark ſayings and prophecies, with burnt-offerings or hyſſop, with new moons, and trumpets, and timbrels in it, with confeſſions of ſins which you never committed, with complaints of ſorrows which you never felt, curſing ſuch enemies as you never had, giving thanks for ſuch victories as you never obtained, or leading you to ſpeak in your own perſons of things, places, and actions, that you never knew; and how have all your ſouls been diſcompoſed at once, and the ſtrings of harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the ſong with your hearts, and your lips have ſunk their joy, and faltered in the tune; you have been talked and aſhamed, and knew not whether it were beſt to be ſilent or to follow on with the Clerk and the multitude, and ſing with cold devotion, and perhaps in darkneſs too, without thought or meaning.

Leſt it be replied here that to prevent this inconvenience ſuch pſalms or ſentences may be always omitted by him that leads the ſong, or may have a more uſeful turn given in the mind of thoſe that ſing; but I anſwer, ſince ſuch pſalms or ſentences are not to be ſung, they may be as well omitted by the tranſlator, or may have a more uſeful turn given in the verſe

than is poſſible for all the ſingers to give on a ſudden in their minds: and this is all that I contend for.

I come therefore to the third thing I propoſed, and that is, to explain my own deſign, which in ſhort is this, namely, to accommodate the Book of Pſalms to Chriſtian worſhip; and in order to this it is neceſſary to diveſt David and Aſaph, &c. of every other character but that of a Pſalmiſt and a ſaint, and to make them always ſpeak the common ſenſe of a Chriſtian.

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted ſome whole pſalms, and large pieces of many others, and have choſen out of all of them ſuch parts only as might eaſily and naturally be accommodated to the various occaſions of the Chriſtian life, or at leaſt might afford us ſome beautiful alluſion to Chriſtian affairs: theſe I have copied and explained in the general ſtyle of the Goſpel; nor have I confined my expreſſions to any particular party or opinion, that in words prepared for publick worſhip, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a ſyllable offenſive to ſincere Chriſtians, whoſe judgments may differ in the leſſer matters of religion.

Where the Pſalmiſt uſes ſharp invectives againſt his perſonal enemies I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them againſt our ſpiritual adverſaries, ſin, Satan, and temptation; where the flights of his faith and love are ſublime I have often ſunk the expreſſions within the reach of an ordinary Chriſtian; where the

words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation I have given an historical turn to the sense. There is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ or his apostles; and surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the holy Scripture; where the Psalmist describes religion by the fear of God I have often joined faith and love to it; where he speaks of the pardon of sin through the mercies of God I have added the blood or merits of a Saviour; where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks I rather chuse to mention the sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God: when he attends the ark with shouting into Zion I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth; where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the gospel, and promis-

ſed in the New Teſtament; and I am fully ſatisfied that more honour is done to our bleſſed Saviour by ſpeaking his name, his graces and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter diſcoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewiſh forms of worſhip and the language of types and figures.

All men will confeſs this is juſt and neceſſary in preaching and praying, and I cannot find a reaſon why we ſhould not ſing praiſes alſo in a manner agreeable to the preſent and more glorious diſpenſation. No man can be perſuaded that to read a ſermon of the royal preacher out of the book of Eccleſiaſtes, or a prayer out of Ezra or Daniel, is ſo edifying to a Chriſtian church (though they were inſpired) as a well compoſed prayer or ſermon delivered in the uſual language of the goſpel of Chriſt: and why ſhould the very words of the Sweet Singer of Iſrael be eſteemed ſo neceſſary to Chriſtian pſalmody, and the Jewiſh ſtyle ſo much preferable to the evangelical, in our religious ſongs of praiſe?

Now ſince it appears ſo plain that the Hebrew Pſalter is very improper to be the preciſe matter and ſtyle of our ſongs in a Chriſtian church, and ſince there is very good reaſon to believe that it is left us not only as a moſt valuable part of the word of God for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and divine pattern of ſpiritual ſongs and hymns under the goſpel, I have choſen rather to *imitate* than to *tranſlate*; and thus to

compoſe a Pſalmbook for Chriſtians after the manner of the Jewiſh Pſalter.

If I could be perſuaded that nothing ought to be ſung in worſhip but what was of immediate inſpiration from God, ſurely I would recommend anthems only, namely, the Pſalms themſelves, as we read them in the Bible, ſet to muſick as they are ſung by choriſters in our cathedral churches, for theſe are neareſt to the words of inſpiration, and we muſt depart far from thoſe words if we turn them into rhyme and metre of any ſort; and upon the foot of this argument even the Scotch verſion, which has been ſo much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful as well as others.

But ſince I believe that any divine ſentence or Chriſtian verſe, agreeable to Scripture, may be ſung, though it be compoſed by men uninſpired, I have not been ſo curious and exact in ſtriving every where to expreſs the ancient ſenſe and meaning of David, but have rather expreſſed myſelf as I may ſuppoſe David would have done had he lived in the days of Chriſtianity; and by this means perhaps I have ſometimes hit upon the true intent of the ſpirit of God in thoſe verſes farther and clearer than David himſelf could ever diſcover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope, 1 Peter i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the ancient prophets, who foretold of the grace that ſhould come to us, were in ſome meaſure ignorant of this great ſalvation; for though they teſtified of the ſufferings of Chriſt and his

glory, yet they were forced to ſearch and inquire after the meaning of what they ſpake or wrote. In ſeveral other places I hope my reader will find a natural expoſition of many a dark and doubtful text, and ſome new beauties and connexions of thought diſcovered in the Jewiſh poet, though not in the language of a Jew. In all places I have kept my grand deſign in view, and that is, to teach my author to ſpeak like a Chriſtian; for why ſhould I now addreſs God my Saviour in a ſong with burnt-ſacrifices of fatlings, and with the fat of rams? why ſhould I pray to be ſprinkled with hyſſop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? why ſhould I bind my ſacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or ſing the praiſes of God to high ſounding cymbals, when the goſpel has ſhewn me a nobler atonement for ſin, and appointed a purer and more ſpiritual worſhip? why muſt I join with David in his legal or prophetick language to curſe my enemies, when my Saviour in his ſermons has taught me to love and bleſs them? why may not a Chriſtian omit all thoſe paſſages of the Jewiſh Pſalmiſt that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming ſorrows, deſpairing thoughts, or bitter perſonal reſentments, none of which are well ſuited to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, which is a diſpenſation of hope, and joy, and love? what need is there that I ſhould wrap up the ſhining honours of my Redeemer in the dark and ſhadowy language of a religion that is now for ever aboliſhed, eſpecially when Chriſtians are

ſo vehemently warned in the Epiſtles of St. Paul againſt a judaizing ſpirit in their worſhip as well as doctrine? and what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more uſeful ſubjects in the ſtyle of the goſpel, where the pſalm gives any occaſion, ſince the whole religion of the Jews is cenſured often in The New Teſtament as a defective and imperfect thing?

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the Chriſtian life by the different metres, paraphraſes, and diviſions of the Pſalms, of which I ſhall ſpeak particularly, yet after all there are a great many circumſtances that attend common Chriſtians which cannot be agreeably expreſſed by any paraphraſe on the words of David, and for theſe I have endeavoured to provide in my book of Hymns, that Chriſtians might have ſomething to ſing in divine worſhip anſwerable to moſt or all their occaſions. In the Preface to that book I have ſhewn the inſufficiency of the common verſions of the Pſalms, and given further reaſons for my preſent attempt.

I am not ſo vain as to expect that the few ſhort hints I have mentioned in that Preface or in this ſhould be ſufficient to juſtify my performances in the judgment of all men, nor to convince and ſatisfy thoſe who have long maintained different ſentiments; all the favour therefore that I deſire of my readers is this, that they would not cenſure this Work till they have read my

Diſcourſe of Pſalmody, which I hope will ſhortly be publiſhed; but let them read it with ſerious attention, and bring with them a generous and ſincere ſoul, ready to be convinced, and to receive truth wherefoever it can be found. In that treatiſe I have given a large and particular account how the Pſalms of Jewiſh compoſure ought to be tranſlated for Chriſtian worſhip, and juſtified the rules I lay down by ſuch reaſons as ſeem to carry in them moſt plentiful evidence and a fair conviction.

If I might preſume ſo much I would entreat them alſo to forget their younger prejudices for a ſeaſon, ſo far as to make a few experiments of theſe Songs, and try whether they are not ſuited through divine grace to kindle in them a fire of zeal and love, and to exalt the willing ſoul to an evangelick temper of joy and praiſe; and if they ſhall find by ſweet experience any devout affections raiſed, and a holy frame of mind awakened within them by theſe attempts of Chriſtian pſalmiſtry, I perſuade myſelf that I ſhall receive their thanks, and be aſſiſted by their prayers towards the recovery of my health and my publick labours in the church of Chriſt. Whatſoever ſentiments they had formerly entertained, yet ſurely they will not ſuffer their old and doubtful opinions to prevail againſt their own inward ſenſations of piety and religious joy.

Before I conclude I muſt add a few things concern-

ing my diviſion of the Pſalms, and my manner of verſifying.

OF THE DIVISION OF THE PSALMS.

In many of theſe ſacred ſongs it is evident that the Pſalmiſt had ſeveral diſtinct caſes in view at the ſame time, as Pſalm lxv. the firſt four or five verſes deſcribe the temple-worſhip of prayer and praiſe, the following verſes repreſent the providence of God in the ſeaſons of the year; ſo in Pſalm lxviii. the firſt ſix verſes declare the majeſty and mercy of God, and from the 7th verſe to the 16th Iſrael is brought from Egypt to fix divine worſhip at Jeruſalem, the 17th and 18th are a prophecy of the aſcenſion of Chriſt, ver. 24, &c. deſcribes a religious proceſſion, &c. The like may be obſerved in many other Pſalms, eſpecially ſuch as repreſent ſome complicated ſorrows or joys of the Pſalmiſt. Now it is not to be ſuppoſed that Chriſtians ſhould have all the ſame diſtinct occaſions of meditation, complaint, or praiſe, much leſs all at the ſame time to be mentioned before God, therefore I have divided many Pſalms into ſeveral parts, and diſpoſed them into diſtinct hymns on thoſe various ſubjects that may be proper matter for Chriſtian pſalmody.

Beſides that exceſſive long tone of voice that ſtretches out every ſyllable in our publick ſinging allows us neither time nor ſpirits to ſing above ſix or eight ſtanzas

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throughout a long pſa
verſes or divided the pſ
manner, where the ſe

his work will ever ſhine brighteſt among thoſe that have confined themſelves to a mere tranſlation; but that cloſe confinement has often forbid the freedom and glory of verſe, and by cramping his ſenſe has rendered it ſometimes too obſcure for a plain reader and the publick worſhip, even though we lived in the days of David and Judaiſm. Theſe inconveniencies he himſelf ſuſpects and fears in the Preface.

I am content to yield to Mr. Milbourne the preference of his poeſy in ſeveral parts of his Pſalms, and to Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady in ſome of theirs; but in thoſe very places their turns of thought and language are too much raiſed above a vulgar audience, and fit only for perſons of an higher education.

I have not refuſed in ſome few Pſalms to borrow a ſingle line or two from theſe three authors, yet I have taken the moſt freedom of that ſort with Dr. Patrick, for his ſtyle beſt agrees with my deſign, though his verſe be generally of a lower ſtrain; but where I have uſed three or four lines together of any author I have acknowledged it in the Notes.

In ſome of the more elevated Pſalms I have given a little indulgence to my genius; and if it ſhould appear that I have aimed at the ſublime, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned reader. I never thought the art of ſublime writing conſiſted in flying out of ſight, nor am I of the mind of the Italian who ſaid, "Obſcurity begets greatneſs." I have al-

ways avoided the language of the poets where it di
not ſuit the language of the goſpel.

In many of theſe compoſures I have juſt permitte
my verſe to riſe above a flat and indolent ſtyle, yet
hope it is every where ſupported above the juſt cor
tempt of the criticks, though I am ſenſible that I hav
often ſubdued it below their eſteem; becauſe I woul
neither indulge any bold metaphors, nor admit of har
words, nor tempt an ignorant worſhipper to ſing with
out his underſtanding.

Though I have attempted to imitate the ſacred beau
ties of my author in ſome of the ſprightly Pſalms
ſuch as Pſalm xliv, xlvi, xlix, lxv, lxxii, xc, xci, civ
cxiv, cxv, cxxxix, &c. yet if my youthful readers com
plain that they expected to find here more elegan
and beautiful deſcriptions, with which the ſacred ori
ginal abounds, let them conſider that ſome of thoſ
pieces of deſcriptive poeſy are the flowery elegancie
peculiar to eaſtern nations and antique ages, and ar
much too large alſo to be brought into ſuch ſhort Chri
ſtian ſonnets as are uſed in our preſent worſhip; al
moſt all thoſe Pſalms I have contracted and fitted t
more ſpiritual devotion, as Pſalm xviii, lxviii, lxxiii
lxxviii, cv, cvi, cix, &c.

OF THE METRE AND RHYME.

I Have formed my verſe in the three moſt uſua
metres to which our pſalm tunes are fitted, namely, th

Common Metre, the metre of the old xxvth Pſalm which I call Short Metre, and that of the old cdth Pſalm, which I call Long Metre. Beſides theſe I have done ſome few Pſalms in ſtanzas of ſix, eight, or twelve lines, to the beſt of the old tunes; many of them I have alſo caſt into two or three metres, not by leaving out or adding two ſyllables in a line, whereby others have cramped or ſtretched their verſe to the deſtruction of all poeſy, but I have made an entire new ſong, and oftentimes in the different metres I have indulged thoſe different ſenſes in which commentators have explained the inſpired author; and if in one metre I have given the looſe to a paraphraſe I have confined myſelf to my text in the other.

If I am charged by the criticks for repeating the ſame rhymes too often, let them conſider that the words which continually recur in divine poeſy admit exceeding few rhymes to them fit for ſacred uſe, theſe are God, World, Fleſh, Soul, Life, Death, Faith, Hope, Heaven, Earth, &c. which I think will make ſufficient apology, eſpecially ſince I have coupled all my lines by rhymes much more than either Mr. Tate or Dr. Patrick have done, which is certainly moſt muſical and agreeable to the ear where rhyme is uſed at all.

I muſt confeſs I have never yet ſeen any verſion or paraphraſe of the Pſalms, in their own Jewiſh ſenſe,

so perfect as to discourage all further attempts; but whoever undertakes the noble work let him bring with him a soul devoted to piety, an exalted genius, and withal a studious application; for David's harp abhors a profane finger, and disdains to answer to an unskilful or a careless touch. A meaner pen may imitate at a distance, but a complete translation or a just paraphrase demands a rich treasury of diction and exalted fancy, a quick taste of devout passion, together with judgment strict and severe to retrench every luxuriant line, and to maintain a religious sovereignty over the whole work. Thus the Psalmist of Israel might arise in Great Britain in all his Hebrew glory, and entertain the more knowing and polite Christians of our age. But still I am bold to maintain the great principle on which my present Work is founded, and that is, that if the brightest genius on earth, or an angel from heaven, should translate David, and keep close to the sense and style of the inspired author, we should only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly copy of the devotions of the Jewish king: but it could never make the fittest psalmbook for a Christian people.

It was not my design to exalt myself to the rank and glory of poets, but I was ambitious to be a servant to the churches, and a helper to the joy of the meanest Christian. Though there are many gone before me who have taught the Hebrew Psalmist to speak En-

gliſh, yet I think I may aſſume this pleaſure, of being the firſt who hath brought down the royal author into the common affairs of the Chriſtian life, and led the Pſalmiſt of Iſrael into the church of Chriſt, without any thing of a Jew about him: and whenſoever there ſhall appear any paraphraſe of the book of Pſalms that retains more of the ſavour of David's piety, diſcovers more of the ſtyle and ſpirit of the goſpel, with a ſuperiour dignity of verſe, and yet the lines as eaſy and flowing, and the ſenſe and language as level to the loweſt capacity, I ſhall congratulate the world, and conſent to ſay, Let this attempt of mine be buried in ſilence.

Till ſuch a work ariſe I muſt attend theſe Evangelick Songs, which have been the labour of ſo many years, with a devout wiſh:

May that God who has favoured me with life and capacity to finiſh this Work for the ſervice of his churches, after ſo many years of tireſome ſickneſs and confinement, accept this humble offering from a thankful heart! May the Lord, who dwelt of old amidſt the praiſes of Iſrael, encourage and bleſs this Eſſay to aſſiſt Chriſtians in the work of praiſe! and may his churches exalt him here on earth in the language of his goſpel and his grace till they ſhall be called up to heaven and the noble ſociety above! there David and Aſaph have changed their ancient ſtyle, and the

ſong of Moſes and of the Lamb are one; there the Jews join with the nations to exalt their God and Redeemer in the language of angels, and in the ſtrains of complete glory. Amen.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READERS.

The chief deſign of this Work was to improve Pſalmody or religious ſinging, and to encourage the frequent practice of it in publick aſſemblies and private families with more honour and delight; yet the Author hopes the reading of it may alſo entertain in the parlour and the cloſet with devout pleaſure and holy meditations; therefore he would requeſt his readers at proper ſeaſons to peruſe it thorough, and among three hundred and forty ſacred Hymns they may find out ſeveral that ſuit their own caſe and temper, or the circumſtances of their families and friends; they may teach their children ſuch as are proper for their age, and by treaſuring them in their memory they may be furniſhed for pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.

OF CHUSING OR FINDING THE PSALM.

The peruſal of the whole book will acquaint every reader with the Author's method, and by conſulting the Index or Table of Contents he may find hymns

very proper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship, though no copy of David's Psalter can provide for all.

Or if he remember the first line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines will direct where to find it.

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in order in churches or families, it may be done with profit, provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

OF NAMING THE PSALM.

Let the number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular metre, and particular part of it; as for instance, *Let us sing the* 33*d Psalm*, 2*d Part, Common Metre*; or, *Let us sing the* 91*st Psalm*, **1*st Part*, *beginning at the Pause***, or, ***ending at the Pause***; **or, *Let us sing the* 84*th Psalm as the* 148*th Psalm*,** &c. **and then read over the first stanza before you begin to sing, that the people may find it in their books, whether you sing with or without reading line by line.**

OF DIVIDING THE PSALM.

If the Psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are Pauses in many of them at which you may properly rest; or you may leave out those

and abuſe the Pſalm in ſolemn

It were to be wiſhed that all
vate families would ſing as th
teſtant countries, without readi
the Author has done what he
complete in every line or two
encies will always attend thi
ſinging; but where it canno
things may give ſome relief.

Firſt, Let as many as can
with them, and look on the w
far as to make the ſenſe comp

Secondly, Let the Clerk re
aloud before he begins to parc

It were to be wiſhed alſo that we might not dwell ſo long upon every ſingle note, and produce the ſyllables to ſuch a tireſome extent, with a conſtant uniformity of time, which diſgraces the muſick, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in ſinging five or ſix ſtanzas; whereas if the method of ſinging were but reformed to a greater ſpeed in pronunciation we might often enjoy the pleaſure of a longer Pſalm with leſs expenſe of time and breath, and our pſalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourſelves.

Dec. 1. 1718.

The various Meaſures of the Verſe are fitted to the Tunes of the Old Pſalmbook.

To the Common Tunes ſing all intitled *Common Metre.*

To the Tunes of the 100th Pſalm ſing all intitled *Long Metre.*

To the Tune of the 25th Pſalm ſing *Short Metre.*

To the 50th Pſalm ſing one Metre of the 50th, 93d.

To the 112th or 127th Pſalm ſing one Metre of the 104th and 148th.

To the 113th Pſalm ſing one Metre of the 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, laſt Part, 96th, 112th, 113th.

To a New Tune ſing o
115th.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

BLESS'D is the man who ſhuns the place
Where ſinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat;
2. But in the ſtatutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by night.
[3. He, like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.]
4. Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profeſſion ſhine,
While fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.
5. Not ſo th' impious and unjuſt;
What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away like duſt
Or chaff before the ſtorm.

6. Sinners in judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the ſons of grace,
When Chriſt the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his ſaints a place. 24

7. His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well,
But crooked ways of ſinners lead
Down to the gates of hell *. 28

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The ſaint happy, the ſinner miſerable.

The man is ever bleſs'd
Who ſhuns the ſinner's ways,
Among their councils never ſtands,
Nor takes the ſcorner's place, 4

2. But makes the law of God
His ſtudy and delight
Amidſt the labours of the day
And watches of the night. 8

3. He like a tree ſhall thrive
With waters near the root:
Freſh as the leaf his name ſhall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit. 12

* In this Work I have often borrowed a line or two from The New Teſtament, that the excellent and inſpired compoſures of the Jewiſh Pſalmiſt may be brightened by the clearer diſcoveries of the Goſpel.—Stanza vi. *He ſhall ſet the ſheep at his right hand, &c.* Matt. xxv. 33.

4. Not ſo th' ungodly race;
They no ſuch bleſſings find:
Their hopes ſhall fly like empty chaff
Before the driving wind. 16

5. How will they bear to ſtand
Before that judgment-ſeat
Where all the ſaints at Chriſt's right hand
In full aſſembly meet? 20

6. He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go,
But ſinners and their works ſhall meet
A dreadful overthrow. 24

PSALM 1. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

HAPPY the man whoſe cautious feet
Shun the broad way that ſinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as ſcoffers do. 4

2. He loves t' employ his morning-light
Amongſt the ſtatutes of the Lord,
And ſpends the wakeful hours of night
With pleaſure, pond'ring o'er the Word. 8

3. He like a plant by gentle ſtreams
Shall flouriſh in immortal green,
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin. 12

In judgment with the pious r
The dreadful Judge with ſter
Divides him to a diff'rent pla
6. "Straight is the way, an
"I bleſs'd the path and drew
"But you would chuſe the cr
"And down it leads to endleſ

PSALM II. Short

Tranſlat. according to the divine

Chriſt dying, riſing, intercea

[MAKER and ſov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
Thy providence confirms thy w
And anſwers thy decrees.
2. The things ſo long foretol

3. Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
4. Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain deſign;
Againſt the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Againſt his Chriſt they join.
5. The Lord derides their rage,
And will ſupport his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6. Now he 's aſcended high,
And aſks to rule the earth,
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
7. He aſks, and God beſtows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remoteſt ends
His kingdom ſhall advance.
8. The nations that rebel
Muſt feel his iron rod;
He 'll vindicate thoſe honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
[9. Be wiſe, ye Rulers! now,
And worſhip at his throne;
With trembling joy ye People! bow
To God's exalted Son.

In judgment with the
The dreadful Judge wi
Divides him to a diff'r
6. "Straight is the
"I bleſs'd the path and
"But you would chuſe
"And down it leads to

PSALM 11

Tranſlat. according to th

Chriſt dying, riſing,

[MAKER and ſov'reign
Of heav'n, and earth, an
Thy providence confirm
And anſwers thy decrees
2. The things ſo long

3. Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4. Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5. The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6. Now he 's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth,
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7. He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8. The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He 'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

[9. Be wise, ye Rulers! now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy ye People! bow
To God's exalted Son.

12. If once his wrath arise
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace †.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away
And tread his gospel down?

2. The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes
And strikes their spirits thro'.

3. "I call him my Eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.

4. "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost Heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel that withstands."

† Stanza i. line 1. *Lord, thou art God who hast made —Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why Heathen rage, &c.* Acts iv. 24, &c.——Stanza l. line *whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined to be d* ver. 28. And several other lines of this version are borrowed from the fuller discoveries of Christ in T Testament.——Stanza viii. *Shall rule the nations wi of iron, even as I received of my Father*, Rev. ii. 27.

5. Be wiſe ye Rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.
6. With humble love addreſs his throne,
For if ye frown ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure and thoſe alone
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion.

Why did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their ſwords employ
Againſt the Lord? their pow'rs engage
His dear Anointed to deſtroy?
2. "Come, let us break his bands," they ſay,
"This man ſhall never give us laws:"
And thus they caſt his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the croſs.
3. But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He 'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And ſpeak in thunder to their ſouls.
4. "I will maintain the King I made
"On Zion's everlaſting hill;
"My hand ſhall bring him from the dead,
"And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill."

7. Arise O Lord! fulfil thy grace
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And Death has lost his sting.

8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave †.

PSALM III. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A morning Psalm.

O Lord, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2. Tir'd with the burdens of the day
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3. Supported by thine heav'nly aid
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

† In this Psalm I have changed David's personal enemies the spiritual enemies of every Christian, namely, sin, Satan, and have mentioned the serpent, the tempter, the guilt of and the sting of death, which are words well known in New Testament.

My God, how many are my fears!
How faſt my foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal death
They break my preſent peace.

2. The lying tempter would perſuade
There 's no relief in Heav'n,
And all my ſwelling ſins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3. But thou, my glory and my ſtrength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raiſe my drooping head.

[4. I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning ear:
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he ſubdu'd my fear.

7. Arise O Lord! fulfil thy grace
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And Death has lost his sting.
8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone not flows;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave †.

PSALM III. vers. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long M

A morning Psalm.

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In this weak flame of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily disturbe,
But my defence and hope is God.
2. Ut'd with the burdens of the day
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'st when I begun to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
3. Supported by thine heav'nly aid
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

† In this Psalm I have changed David's perfection [illegible] the spiritual enemies of every Christian [illegible] and have mentioned the serpent, [illegible] and the sting of death, which [illegible] New Testament.

4. But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And make his praiſe my morning ſong †. 16

PSALM IV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of prayer, or, God our portion, and Chriſt our hope.

O God of grace and rig
Hear and attend when I
Thou haſt enlarg'd me i
Bow down a gracious ea 4
2. Ye Sons of men! i
To turn my glory into
How long will ſcoffers l
And dare reproach my Saviour's name? 2
3. Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſide;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear ſake of Chriſt that dy'd. 12
4. When our obedient hands have done
A thouſand works of righteouſneſs
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace. 16

† In the 3d and 4th Pſalms there is a verſe or two that ſeem the one to be writ in the morning, the other in the evening; wherefore I have choſen out thoſe parts that ſeem moſt eaſily applicable, and have turned them into a morning and evening ſong.

5. Let the unthinking many say
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food. 2

6. Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favour so divine,
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine†. 2

PSALM IV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An evening Psalm.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone. 1

† Though this Psalm may not directly intend the Messiah, yet I have taken occasion to apply some expressions in it to Christ and his gospel, I hope with some advantage, and without offence.

4. Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give my eyes to ſleep;
Thy hand in ſafety keeps my days
And will my ſlumbers keep. 16

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye. 4

2. Up to the hills where Chriſt is gone
To plead for all his ſaints,
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints. 8

3. Thou art a God before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand. 12

4. But to thy houſe will I reſort
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear. 16

5. O may thy ſpirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs,
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtraight
And plain before my face! 20

To make my ſoul their pre
7. Lord, cruſh the ſarpe
And all his plots deſtroy;
While thoſe that in thy me
For ever ſhout for joy.
8. The men that love an
Shall ſee their hopes fulfil
The mighty God will comp
With favour as a ſhield.

PSALM VI. Com

Complaint in ſickneſs,

In anger Lord rebuke me n
Withdraw the dreadful ſtorm
Nor let thy fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble worm.

3. His foes ſhall fall with headleſs feet
Into the pit they made,
And ſinners periſh in the net
That their own hands have ſpread. 12

4. Thus by thy judgments mighty God!
Are thy deep counſels known:
When men of miſchief are deſtroy'd
The ſnare muſt be th[illegible] 16

5. The wicked ſha[illegible]nen:
Thy wrath devours t[illegible]
That dare forget the[illegible]
Againſt thy known c[illegible]ds. 20

6. Tho' ſaints to ſ[illegible]eſs are brought,
And wait and long co[illegible]mpiain,
Their cries ſhall not be ſtill forgot,
Nor ſhall their hopes be vain. 24

[7. Riſe great Redeemer! from thy ſeat
To judge and ſave the poor,
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more. 28

8. Thy thunder ſhall affright the proud
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confeſs that thou art God
And they but feeble men.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in ſickneſs overcome.

LORD, I can ſuffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againſt me riſe!
2. Pity my languiſhing eſtate,
And eaſe the ſorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made
O let thy gentler touches heal!
3. See how I paſs my weary days
In ſighs and groans, and when 't is night
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.
4. Look how the pow'rs of Nature mourn!
How long almighty God! how long?
When ſhall thine hour of grace return?
When ſhall I make thy grace my ſong?
5. I feel my fleſh ſo near the grave
My thoughts are tempted to deſpair;
But graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is duſt and ſilence there.
6. Depart ye Tempters! from my ſoul,
And all deſpairing thoughts depart:
My God who hears my humble moan
Will eaſe my fleſh and cheer my heart†.

† Part of the three firſt ſtanzas I have borrowed from Dr. Patrick, being pleaſed with the agreeable turn he gives to David's ſenſe.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

My trust is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee my God;
Rise and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood. 4

2. With insolence and
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the
When no deliv'rer 's nea 8

3. If I had e'er provok
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my li
And lay mine honour lo 12

4. If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes,
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise. 16

5. Arise my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul. 2

PAUSE.

6. Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just? 2

7. He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His ſharpeſt arrows he ordains
Againſt the ſons of ſpite.

8. For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My God makes all their miſchief light
On their own heads at laſt.

9. That cruel perſecuting race
Muſt feel his dreadful ſword.
Awake my Soul! and praiſe the grace
And juſtice of the Lord *.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's ſovereignty and goodneſs, and man's dominion over the creatures.

O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine,
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.

2. When to thy works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,
And ſee the moon complete in light
Adorn the darkſome ſkies;

* In this Pſalm I have not exactly followed every ſingle verſe of the Pſalmiſt, but have endeavoured to contract the ſubſtance of it into fewer lines, yet not without a regard to the literal ſenſe and words alſo, as will appear by the compariſon.

4. Lord what is worthless man.
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5. Thine honours crown his head
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings
And fish that cleave the sea.

6. How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

[7. Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8. O Lord our heav'nly King
Thy name is all divine;

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's condeſcenſion and glorification, or, *God made man.*

O Lord our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let men and babes proclaim.

2. When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And ſtars that well adorn the ſky,
Thoſe moving worlds of light;

3. Lord! what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhouldſt viſit him with grace,
And love his nature ſo?

4. That thine Eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To ſave a dying worm?

[5. Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient ſeas and fiſhes own
His godhead and his pow'r.

6. The waves lay ſpread beneath his feet,
And fiſh at his command
Bring their large ſhoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7. Theſe leſſer glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleſhly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confeſs him God.] 28

8. Let him be crown'd with majeſty
Who bow'd his head to death,
And be his honours founded high
By all things that have breath. 32

9. Jeſus our Lord, ho
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav
Let the whole earth pro 36

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. part.
Lon

The Hoſanna of the children, or, *Infants praiſing God.*

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the ſkies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is ſpread,
And thine eternal glories riſe
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made. 4

† Stan. iv. If the citation of part of this Pſalm by the apoſtle, *Heb.* ii. 5. be but a mere alluſion, yet it affords ground enough for the turn I have given it in this verſion, and the application of it to Chriſt.—Stanza vi. line 1. *Jeſus went to them walking on the ſea*, Matt. xiv. 25.——Line 2. *He ſaid to them, It is I, &c. and they enclaſed a great multitude of fiſhes*, Luke v. 4, 6.—Line 4. *Caſt an hook and take up the fiſh—open his mouth, and find a piece of money, &c.* Matt. xvii. 27.

2. How long ſhall my poor
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes cont
And eaſe my raging pain.

3. See how the prince of da
All his malicious arts;
He ſpreads a miſt around my c
And throws his fiery darts.

4. Be thou my ſun, and tho
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before mine eyes
In death's eternal ſleep.

5. How would the tempter
If I become his prey!
Behold the ſons of hell grow p
At thy ſo long delay.

6. But they ſhall fly at thy
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrours of thy
And hears thy voice with d

2. That thou ſhouldſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him lord of all below,
Make ev'ry beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet? 8

3. But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate!
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn
Who condeſcended to be born! 12

4. See him below his angels made,
See him in duſt amongſt the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin;
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine. 16

5. The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miſ'ries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet‡. 20

PSALM IX. The firſt part.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-ſeat.

WITH my whole heart I 'll raiſe my ſong,
Thy wonders I 'll proclaim;
Thou ſov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to ſhame. 4

‡ I am perſuaded the true meaning of the apoſtle in citing the words of this Pſalm, and applying them to our Saviour, *Heb.* ii. 5. &c. is to ſhew that Chriſt the ſecond Adam muſt have dominion over the new world, as Adam the firſt man had over the old, and that he is truly and really man, becauſe the firſt Adam is the figure and type of him in this his dominion.

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and ſaints ſaved, or, *Pride, Atheiſm, oppreſſion, puniſhed.*

For a humiliation day.

Why doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear
And times of deep diſtreſs?

2. Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pride
And ſtill thy ſaints devour?

3. They put thy judgments from their ſight
And then inſult the poor;
They boaſt in their exalted height
That they ſhall fall no more.

4. Ariſe O God! lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5. Why do the men of malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh pride
"The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's ſide."

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a saint, or a citizen of Zion, or, *The qualifications of a Christian.*

Who shall inhabit in thy hill
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?
2. The man that walks in pious ways
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises
And follows his commands.
3. He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue,
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
4. The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord,
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
5. His hand is disdain a golden bribe,
And never grinds the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth
And find his heav'n secure.

4. If he afflicts his ſaints ſo far
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold tranſgreſſors fear!
His very ſoul abhors their ways.

5. On impious wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of brimſtone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

6. The righteous Lord loves righteous ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The ſaints' ſafety and hope in evil times, or, *Sins of tongue complained of*, viz. *blaſphemy, falſehood*, &c

Lord, if thou doſt not ſoon appear
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man amongſt us here
Will ſcarce be found if thou delay.

2. The whole diſcourſe when neighbours meet
Is fill'd with trifles looſe and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3. But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaſpheming tongue.

4. "Yet ſhall our words be free," they cry,
"Our tongue ſhall be controll'd by none:
"Where is the lord will aſk us why,
"Or ſay our lips are not our own?" 16

5. The Lord who ſees the poor oppreſt,
And hears th' oppreſſor's haughty ſtrain,
Will riſe to give his children reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his word in vain. 20

6. Thy word O Lord! tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not ſilver ſeven times purify'd
From droſs and mixture ſhines ſo clear. 24

7. Thy grace ſhall in the darkeſt hour
Defend the holy ſoul from harm;
Tho' when the vileſt men have pow'r
On ev'ry ſide will ſinners ſwarm. 28

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners, or, *The promiſe and ſign of Chriſt's coming to judgment.*

HELP Lord! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loſes ground,
The ſons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound. 4

2. Their oaths and promiſes they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they ſpeak,
And with a double heart. 8

3. If we reprove ſome hateful lie
How is their fury ſtirr'd!
"Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who ſhall be our lord?"

4. Scoffers appear on ev'ry ſide,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to ſeats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the ſword in vain.

PAUSE.

5. Lord! when iniquities abound,
And blaſphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

6. Is not thy chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not giv'n the ſign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A promiſe ſo divine?

7. "Yes," ſaith the Lord, "now will I riſe
"And make oppreſſors flee;
"I ſhall appear to their ſurpriſe,
"And ſet my ſervants free."

8. Thy word like ſilver ſev'n times try'd
Thro' ages ſhall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promiſe ſure†.

† Stanza iv. The laſt verſe of this Pſalm may naturally b
ſerted here.—Stanza v. The ſigns of Chriſt's coming men
ed in The New Teſtament, *Matt.* xxiv. 12. *Luke* xviii. 8
abounding iniquity, love waxing cold, and faith ſcarce
found, and ſeem very much akin to the ſenſe of this Pſalm

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under deſertion, or, *Hope in darkneſs.*

How long O Lord ſhall I complain,
Like one that ſeeks his God in vain?
Canſt thou thy face for ever hide,
And I ſtill pray and be deny'd? 4

2. Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardeſt not?
Still ſhall my ſoul thine abſence mourn,
And ſtill deſpair of thy return? 8

3. How long ſhall my poor troubled breaſt
Be with theſe anxious thoughts oppreſt,
And Satan my malicious foe
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low? 12

4. Hear Lord, and grant me quick relief
Before my death conclude my grief:
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light
I ſleep in everlaſting night. 16

5. How will the pow'rs of darkneſs boaſt
If but one praying ſoul be loſt?
But I have truſted in thy grace,
And ſhall again behold thy face. 20

6. Whate'er my fears or foes ſuggeſt
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt:
My heart ſhall feel thy love, and raiſe
My cheerful voice to ſongs of praiſe. 24

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

How long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly rays
That chaſe my fears away?

2. How long ſhall my poor lab'ring ſoul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul
And eaſe my raging pain.

3. See how the prince of darkneſs tries
All his malicious arts;
He ſpreads a miſt around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4. Be thou my ſun, and thou my ſhield,
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before mine eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

5. How would the tempter boaſt aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the ſons of hell grow proud
At thy ſo long delay.

6. But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrours of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7. Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung:
I ſhall employ my lips in praiſe,
And vict'ry ſhall be ſung. 28

PSALM XIV. Firſt part.

By nature all men are ſinners.

Fools in their heart believe and ſay
"That all religion 's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high
"Or minds th' affairs of men." 4
2. From thoughts ſo dreadful and profane
Corrupt diſcourſe proceeds,
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds. 8
3. The Lord from his celeſtial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that ſought his grace
Or did his juſtice know. 12
4. By nature all are gone aſtray,
Their practice all the ſame:
There 's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There 's none that loves his name. 16
5. Their tongues are us'd to ſpeak deceit,
Their ſlanders never ceaſe;
How ſwift to miſchief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace. 20

6. Such ſeeds of ſin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found,
Nor can they bear diviner fruit
Till grace refine the ground ‡.

PSALM. XIV. Second part.

The folly of perſecutors.

ARE ſinners now ſo ſenſeleſs grown
That they the ſaints devour,
And never worſhip at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2. Great God! appear to their ſurpriſe,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath deſpiſe,
Nor turn our hope to ſhame.

3. Doſt thou not dwell among the juſt?
And yet our foes deride
That we ſhould make thy name our truſt;
Great God! confound their pride.

4. O that the joyful day were come
To finiſh our diſtreſs!
When God ſhall bring his children home,
Our ſongs ſhall never ceaſe.

‡ Several verſes of this Pſalm are cited by the apoſtle, Rom. 10, &c. to ſhew the univerſal corruption of human nature; wherefore I have brought more of the apoſtle's words than uſed into the ivth and vth ſtanzas here, and concluded the firſt part of the Pſalm agreeably to St. Paul's deſign —N. B. The 2d part of this Pſalm ſpeaks only of perſecutors and their enemies *of the church*, therefore I have divided it from the firſt.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a saint, or a citizen of Zion, or, *The qualifications of a Christian.*

Who shall inhabit in thy hill
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2. The man that walks in pious ways
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises
And follows his commands.

3. He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue,
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4. The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord,
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5. His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth
And find his heav'n secure.

13

15

17

19

21

7. Yet when his holieſt works are done
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever Lord with thee ‡. 28

PSALM XVI. The firſt part. Long Metre.

Confeſſion of our poverty, and ſaints the beſt company, or, *Good works profit men not God.*

PRESERVE me Lord in time of need;
For ſuccour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodneſs cannot reach to thee. 4

2. Oft' have my heart and tongue confeſt
How empty and how poor I am:
My praiſe can never make thee bleſt,
Nor add new glories to thy name. 8

3. Yet Lord thy ſaints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do:
Theſe are the company I keep,
Theſe are the choiceſt friends I know. 12

‡ Since our bleſſed Saviour in The New Teſtament has ſo much explained the duties of the law and publiſhed the goſpel, I could not paſs over this Pſalm of the characters of the Jewiſh ſaint without inſerting ſome brighter articles that muſt belong to the Chriſtian, ſuch as alms and charity to the poor, love to enemies, bleſſing thoſe that curſe us, doing to others as we would have them do to us, and hope of acceptance only through divine grace.—I thought it neceſſary alſo to leave out the mention of uſury, ver. 5. which though politically forbidden by the Jews among themſelves was never unlawful to the Gentiles, nor to any Chriſtians ſince the Jewiſh polity expired.

4. Let others chuſe the ſons of mirth
To give a reliſh to their wine,
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whoſe thoughts and language are divine. 16

PSALM XVI. The ſecond part. Long Metre.

Chriſt's allſufficiency.

How faſt their guilt and ſorrows riſe
Who haſte to ſeek ſome idol god!
I will not taſte their ſacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood. 4

2. My God provides a richer cup
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jeſus, his beſt-beloved Son. 8

3. His love is my perpetual feaſt;
By day his counſels guide me right;
And be his name for ever bleſt
Who gives me ſweet advice by night. 12

4. I ſet him ſtill before mine eyes;
At my right hand he ſtands prepar'd
To keep my ſoul from all ſurpriſe
And be my everlaſting guard ‡. 16

‡ From the Pſalmiſt's mention of drink-offerings of blood I take occaſion to allude to the ſacrifice of Chriſt; *His fleſh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed*, John vi. 55.

y ſpirit Lord thou wilt not leave
ſouls departed are,
it my body to the grave
e corruption there. 8
Thou wilt reveal the path of life
d raiſe me to thy throne;
hy courts immortal pleaſure give,
hy preſence joys unknown." 12
1. Thus in the name of Chriſt the Lord
e holy David ſung,
nd Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetick tongue. 16
5. Jeſus, whom ev'ry ſaint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold the tomb its prey reſtores,
Behold he lives again! 20
6. When ſhall my feet ariſe and ſtand
On heav'n's eternal hills?
There ſits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father ſmiles†. 24

† In this verſion I have applied the three laſt verſes of this Pſalm to Chriſt alone, as St. Peter applies them *Acts* ii. 23; yet inſtead of the fourth line of the ſecond ſtanza, *To ſee corruption there*, you may read thus, *To dwell for ever there*, and then the three firſt ſtanzas may be ſung alone, and applied to every Chriſtian.——ſtanza ii. It is now agreed by the learned that שאול *Sheol*, which is rendered *hell*, ſignifies only the ſtate of the dead, that is, the grave for the body, and the ſeparate ſtate for the ſpirit.

2. Yet if my God prolong my breath
The ſaints may profit by't,
The ſaints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight. 8

3. Let Heathens to their idols haſte
And worſhip wood or ſtone,
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known. 12

4. His hand provides my conſtant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent good,
But more rejoice in hope. 16

5. God is my portion and my joy,
His counſels are my light,
He gives me ſweet advice by day
And gentle hints by night. 20

6. My ſoul would all her thoughts approve
To his allſeeing eye;
Not death nor hell my hope ſhall move
While ſuch a friend is nigh. 24

PSALM XVI. The ſecond part. Common Metre.

The death and reſurrection of Chriſt.

" I Set the Lord before my face,
" He bears my courage up;
" My heart my tongue their joys expreſs,
" My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope. 4

2. " My ſpirit Lord thou wilt not leave
" Where ſouls departed are,
" Nor quit my body to the grave
" To ſee corruption there. 8

3. " Thou wilt reveal the path of life
" And raiſe me to thy throne;
" Thy courts immortal pleaſure give,
" Thy preſence joys unknown." 12

[4. Thus in the name of Chriſt the Lord
The holy David ſung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetick tongue. 16

5. Jeſus, whom ev'ry ſaint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold the tomb its prey reſtores,
Behold he lives again! 20

6. When ſhall my feet ariſe and ſtand
On heav'n's eternal hills?
There ſits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father ſmiles†.] 24

† In this verſion I have applied the three laſt verſes of this Pſalm to Chriſt alone, as St. Peter applies them *Acts* ii. 23.; yet inſtead of the fourth line of the ſecond ſtanza, *To ſee corruption there*, you may read thus, *To dwell for ever there*, and then the three firſt ſtanzas may be ſung alone, and applied to every Chriſtian.——Stanza li. It is now agreed by the learned that שאול *Sheol*, which is rendered *hell*, ſignifies only the ſtate of the dead, that is, the grave for the body, and the ſeparate ſtate for the ſpirit.

PSALM XVII. ver. 13. &c. Short Metre.

Portion of ſaints and ſinners, or, *Hope and deſpair in death.*

ARISE my gracious God
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chaſtiſing rod
To drive thy ſaints to thee. 4

2. Behold the ſinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleaſure lies,
And all beyond is pain. 8

3. Then let his pride advance,
And boaſt of all his ſtore;
The Lord is my inheritance;
My ſoul can wiſh no more. 12

4. I ſhall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs
Waſh'd in my Saviour's blood. 16

5. There 's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Dreſs'd in the likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath ‡. 20

‡ Stanza v. The heaven which ſouls enjoy in the ſeparate ſtate is ſo much increaſed by the reſurrection of the body that it may be called a *new heaven*, the heaven of the body as well as of the ſoul.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The ſinner's portion and ſaint's hope, or, *The heaven of ſeparate ſouls, and the reſurrection.*

LORD I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.
2. Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.
3. What ſinners value I reſign;
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.
4. This life 's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere:
When ſhall I wake and find me there?
5. O glorious hour! O bleſs'd abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God!
And fleſh and ſin no more control
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise ‡.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1,—6, 15,—18. The first pa
Long Metre.

Deliverance from despair, or, *Temptations overcome*

THEE will I love O Lord! my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2. Death and the terrours of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptations rose
And made my sinking soul afraid.

‡ The sense of a great part of this Psalm occurs so often the book of Psalms that I thought it necessary to translate more than these few verses of it, namely, ver. 3. *Thou hast p ved my heart, thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing ;* v 13. *The wicked are thy sword ;* ver. 14. *The men of the wo have their portion in this life, whose belly thou fillest ; they lea the rest of their substance to their babes ;* ver. 15. *I shall beh thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake w thy likeness.*—I confess I have indulged a large exposition he but I could not forbear to give my thoughts a loose upon t divine description of complete blessedness in the 15th ver this bright abridgment of heaven.—From the word *awal* have taken occasion to represent the departing soul's *awak* into the world of spirits as well as the body's *awaking* fr the grave.

3. I ſaw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endleſs pains and ſorrows there
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to deſpair.

4. In my diſtreſs I call'd my God,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

[5. With ſpeed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning ſhone
The face of my deliv'rer God.

6. Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blaſt of his almighty breath;
He ſent ſalvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.]

7. Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their ſtrength and more their rage;
But Chriſt my Lord is conq'ror ſtill
In all the wars that devils wage.

8. My ſong for ever ſhall record
That terrible that joyful hour,
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r †.

† I have divided this long Pſalm into three parts, and accommodated the ſeveral verſes of it to our ſpiritual warfare and victory through grace, as being of more frequent and general uſe to Chriſtians; yet there are ſo noble expreſſions of triumph in God and thanks for victory over temporal enemies ſcattered up and down, that perſuaded me to form them afterwards in common metre alſo, agreeable to their original *deſign.*

PSALM XVIII. ver. 20,—26. The second part.
Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

LORD thou haſt ſeen my ſoul ſincere,
Haſt made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I ſet thy laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous cauſe. 4

2. Since I have learn'd thy holy ways
I 'ave walk'd upright before thy face,
Or if my feet did e'er depart
'Twas never with a wicked heart. 8

3. What ſore temptations broke my reſt!
What wars and ſtrugglings in my breaſt!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within
I guard againſt my darling ſin. 12

4. That ſin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my will,
When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign pow'r
Deſtroy it that it riſe no more. 16

[5. With an impartial hand the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful ſouls ſhall find
A God as faithful and as kind. 20

6. The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay
Thou art more pure more juſt than they;
And men that love revenge ſhall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.] 24

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.
The third part. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God, or, *Salvation and triumph.*

JUST are thy ways and true thy word,
Great Rock of my ſecure abode:
Who is a God beſide the Lord,
Or where 's a refuge like our God?
2. 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield,
And while with ſin and hell I fight
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.
3. He lives, (and bleſſed be my Rock)
The God of my ſalvation lives!
The dark deſigns of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
4. Before the ſcoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the ſhame.
5. To David and his royal ſeed
Thy grace for ever ſhall extend:
Thy love to ſaints in Chriſt their head
Knows not a limit nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. The firſt part. Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

WE love thee Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our ſtrength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our ſhield.

2. We fly to our eternal Rock
And find a ſure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke
And draw ſalvation thence.

3. When God our leader ſhines in arms
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his ſpear?

4. He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And ſwift as flames obey.

5. He ſpeaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are diſmay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6. He forms our gen'rals for the field
With all their dreadful ſkill,
Gives them his awful ſword to wield,
And makes their hearts of ſteel,

[7. He arms our captains to the fight;
(Tho' there his name 's forgot,
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)
8. Oft' has the Lord whole nations bleſt
For his own church's ſake:
The pow'rs that give his people reſt
Shall of his care partake ‡.]

PSALM XVIII. The ſecond part. Common Metre.

The conqueror's ſong.

To thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrours Lord confound the foe
And melt their ſtrength away.
2. 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail
And break united pow'rs,
Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their tow'rs.
3. How have we chas'd them thro' the field
And trod them to the ground,
While thy ſalvation was our ſhield,
But they no ſhelter found!

‡ Stanza vii. Iſa. xlv. 1, 5. *Thus ſaith the Lord to Cyrus—I girded thee though thou haſt not known me.*

16

20

24

4. Ye Britiſh lands rejoice!
He here reveals his word:
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5. His ſtatutes and commands
Are ſet before our eyes;
He puts his goſpel in our hands,
Where our ſalvation lies.

6. His laws are juſt and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promiſes for ever ſure,
And his rewards are great.

7. [Not honey to the taſte
Affords ſo much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace paſt
So much allures the ſight.

8. While of thy works I ſing
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praiſe my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name *.]

* The Pſalmiſt here and in other Pſalms uſes the word *law* to expreſs the five books of Moſes, or all the divine revelation that he had in his time; yet Chriſt and the Apoſtles ſo frequently diſtinguiſh the law and the goſpel, that I have choſen to imitate their language, and have often introduced the words *goſpel*, *truth*, and *promiſe*, inſtead of *ſtatutes*, *teſtimonies*, &c. as being more agreeable to the ſtyle of The New Teſtament.—Stanza viii. I have here inſerted the laſt verſe of the Pſalm with an evangelical turn, as a proper concluſion of this firſt part, the whole being too long to be ſung at once according to our preſent cuſtom.

6. O who can ever find
The errours of his ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs. 24

7. Warn me of ev'ry ſin,
Forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
Whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts. 28

8. While with my heart and tongue
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad,
Accept the worſhip and the ſong
My Saviour and my God. 32

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The books of Nature and of Scripture compared, or, *The glory and ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

THE heav'ns declare thy glory Lord,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines,
But when our eyes behold thy word
We read thy name in fairer lines. 4

2. The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy pow'r confeſs,
But the beſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace. 8

3. Sun, moon, and ſtars, convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy truth begun its race
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land. 12

4. Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt
Till thro' the world thy truth has run,
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt
That ſee the light or feel the ſun.
5. Great Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6. Thy nobleſt wonders here we view
In ſouls renew'd and ſins forgiv'n:
Lord cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n †.

PSALM XIX. To the tune of the 113th Pſalm.

The book of Nature and Scripture.

GREAT God! the heav'n's wellordcr'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks, appear
Of boundleſs pow'r and ſkill divine.

† Though the plain deſign of the Pſalmiſt is to ſhew the cellency of the book of Scripture above the book of Natur order to convert and ſave a ſinner, yet the Apoſtle Pa *Rom.* x. 18. applies or accommodates the 4th verſe t ſpreading of the goſpel over the Romaſi empire, which i ed the *whole world* in The New Teſtament, and in this v I have endeavoured to imitate him.

2. From night to day from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

3. Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the journies of the ſun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice.
The ſun, like ſome young bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the chambers of the eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4. Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his maker God;
All Nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe:
Thus God in ev'ry creature ſhines
Fair as the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5. I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads my heart to reſt.

6. From the diſcov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;

These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight. 36
7. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed gospel Lord
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward. 42
8. Who knows the errours of his thoughts?
My God forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain. 48

PSALM XX.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

Now may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high. 4
2. The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls. 8

3. Well he remembers all our ſighs,
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4. In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of Iſrael's God
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our navies ſpread their flags abroad.

5. Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee the Lord of heav'nly hoſts.

[6. O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inſpire our armies for the fight!
Our foes ſhall fall and die with ſhame,
Or quit the field with ſhameful flight.]

7. Now ſave us Lord! from ſlaviſh fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the care of Heaven.

The king O Lord! with ſongs of praiſe
Shall in thy ſtrength rejoice,
And bleſs'd with thy ſalvation raiſe
His heav'n his cheerful voice.

2. Thy ſure defence thro' nations round
Has ſpread his glorious name,
And his ſucceſsful actions crown'd
With majeſty and fame.

3. Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy ſhall ſupport the throne,
And all our wants ſupply.

4. But righteous Lord! his ſtubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm ſhall find out thoſe
That hate his mild command.

5. When thou againſt them doſt engage,
Thy juſt but dreadful doom
Shall like a fiery oven's rage
Their hopes and them conſume.

6. Thus Lord! thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy fame,
Whilſt we glad ſongs of praiſe prepare
For thine almighty name *.

PSALM XXI. ver. 1,—9. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted to the kingdom.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtrength,
Rais'd to the throne by ſpecial grace,
But Chriſt the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praiſe.

* I have borrowed almoſt all theſe ſtanzas from Mr. Tate's verſion, and they ſeem very applicable to his praiſe of Majeſty *king George*, A. 1716.

2. How great is the Meſſiah's joy
In the ſalvation of thy hand!
Lord thou haſt rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command. 8

3. Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt withhold,
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory not of gold. 12

4. Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine;
Bleſs'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days. 16

5. Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls. 20

PSALM XXII. ver. 1,—16. The firſt part.
Common Metre.

The ſufferings and death of Chriſt.

Why has my God my ſoul forſook,
Nor will a ſmile afford?
(Thus David once in anguiſh ſpoke,
And thus our dying Lord.) 4

2. Tho' it is thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praiſing ſaints,
Yet thou canſt hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3. Our fathers truſted in thy name
And great deliv'rance found,
But I 'm a worm deſpis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4. Shaking the head they paſs me by
And laugh my ſoul to ſcorn;
"In vain he truſts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5. But thou art he who form'd my fleſh
By thine almighty word,
And ſince I hung upon the breaſt
My hope is in the Lord.

6. Why will my Father hide his face
When foes ſtand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep diſtreſs,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7. Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Baſhan fierce and ſtrong,
As lions roaring loud.

8. From earth and hell my ſorrows meet
To multiply the ſmart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9. Yet if thy ſov'reign hand let looſe
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruiſe
The Son he loves ſo well? 36

10. My God, if poſſible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I reſign my will to thee,
And drink the ſorrows up. 40

11. My heart diſſolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waſte my breath:
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the duſt of death. 44

12. Father, I give my ſpirit up,
And truſt it in thy hand;
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope,
And riſe at thy command. 48

PSALM XXII. ver. 20, 21, 27,—31. The ſecond part. Common Metre.

Chriſt's ſufferings and kingdom.

"Now from the roaring lion's rage
"O Lord! protect thy Son,
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The pow'rs of hell alone." 4

2. Thus did our ſuff'ring Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day
And chas'd away his fears.

3. Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high,
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worſhip or ſhall die.

4. A num'rous offspring muſt ariſe
From his expiring groans,
They ſhall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for ſons.

5. The meek and humble ſouls ſhall ſee
His table richly ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With joys immortal fed.

6. The iſles ſhall know the righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profeſs
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's ſufferings and exaltation.

Now let our mournful ſongs record
The dying ſorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood
As one forſaken of his God.

2. The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhake their heads and laugh in ſcorn:
" He reſcu'd others from the grave,
" Now let him try himſelf to ſave.
3. " This is the man did once pretend
" God was his father and his friend:
" If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo
" Why doth he fail to help him now?"
4. Barbarous people! cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts,
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.
5. They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet,
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
6. But God his Father heard his cry:
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high:
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace†.

† In this verſion I have abridged the whole Pſalm, and choſen only thoſe verſes of it which are cited or explained in The New Teſtament, namely, 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 29, 31.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

My Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now ſhall my wants be well ſupply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my ſafety and my guide.

2. In paſtures where ſalvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt,
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely bleſt.

3. My wand'ring feet his ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my ſoul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's ſake
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

4. Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrours are,
My heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

5. Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my ſtay,
Thy ſtaff ſupports my feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6. The ſons of earth and ſons of hell
Gaze at thy goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my table ſpread ſo well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

[7. How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine anointing, ſhed
Like oil of gladneſs at a feaſt. 28
8. Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſehold all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face and ſing his praiſe.] 32

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

My Shepherd will ſupply my need,
Jehovah is his name,
In paſtures freſh he makes me feed
Beſide the living ſtream. 4
2. He brings my wand'ring ſpirit back
When I forſake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's ſake
In paths of truth and grace. 8
3. When I walk thro' the ſhades of death
Thy preſence is my ſtay;
A word of thy ſupporting breath
Drives all my fears away. 12
4. Thy hand in ſpite of all my foes
Doth ſtill my table ſpread,
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head. 16

5. The ſure proviſions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy houſe be mine abode,
And all my work be praiſe! 20

6. There would I find a ſettled reſt
While others go and come,
No more a ſtranger or a gueſt,
But like a child at home *. 24

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his
What can I want beſide? 4

2. He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows. 8

3. If e'er I go aſtray
He doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way
For his moſt holy name. 12

* Stanza iv. The oil or ointment that was uſed of old to anoint and perfume the head, in the ſenſe and language of The New Teſtament muſt ſignify the communications of the Holy Spirit, which is called *the anointing*, 1 John ii. 20, 27. as I have explained it in the long metre, and *Pſal.* xlv. 47. with *John* iii. 34. approves it.

4. While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' death's dark ſhade;
My Shepherd 's with me there.
5. In ſpite of all my foes
Thou doſt my table ſpread,
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days,
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

The earth for ever is the Lord's
With Adam's num'rous race,
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.
2. But who among the ſons of men
May viſit thine abode?
He that has hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe heart is right with God.
3. This is the man may riſe and take
The bleſſings of his grace,
This is the lot of thoſe that ſeek
The God of Jacob's face.

4. Now let our ſouls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlaſting doors,
The King of glory 's near.
5. The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations, but to dwell
With ſaints is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven, or, *Chriſt's aſcenſion.*

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beaſts and birds,
He rais'd the buildings on the ſeas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
2. But there 's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace Lord above the ſky:
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt abode,
And dwell ſo near his maker God?
3. He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his ſoul with righteouſneſs.
4. Theſe are the men, the pious race,
That ſeek the God of Jacob's face,
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
And dwell in everlaſting light.

PAUSE.

5. Rejoice ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord the Saviour 's he.
6. Ye heav'nly gates your leaves diſplay
To make the Lord the Saviour way;
Laden with ſpoils from earth and hell
The Conq'ror comes with God to dwell.
7. Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his ſaints a bleſt abode
Near their Redeemer and their God†.

PSALM XXV. ver. 1,—11. The firſt part.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

I Lift my Soul to God,
My truſt is in his name,
Let not my foes that ſeek my blood
Still triumph in my ſhame.

† If this Pſalm was written at the aſcent of the ark of God into Zion, the city of David, it is not unnatural to apply it to the preſence of Chriſt with his church in worſhip, as in the common metre, or to the aſcenſion of Chriſt to heaven, as in this metre. In this and other parts of the Pſalm I have endeavoured to make the connexion plain and eaſy, which is very obſcure in the text.

2. Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord make me know thy cov'nant well
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare.

3. From the firſt dawning light
Till the dark ev'ning riſe
For thy ſalvation Lord I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

4. Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth,
Forgive the ſins of riper days
And follies of my youth.

5. The Lord is juſt and kind,
The meek ſhall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

6. For his own goodneſs' ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame;
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. Second part.

Divine inſtruction.

WHERE ſhall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2. The Lord ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart. 8

3. The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy ſtill
With ſuch as to his cov'nant ſtand
And love to do his will. 12

4. Their ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe
Before their Maker's face,
Their ſeed ſhall taſte the promiſes
In their extenſive grace. 16

PSALM XXV. ver. 15,—22. The third part.

Diſtreſs of ſoul, or, *Backſliding and deſertion.*

MINE eyes and my deſire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promiſes
And reſt upon his word. 4

2. Turn turn thee to my ſoul,
Bring thy ſalvation near;
When will thy hand releaſe my feet
Out of the deadly ſnare? 8

3. When ſhall the ſov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Reſtore me from thoſe dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod? 12

4. The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo;
My ſpirit languiſhes, my heart
Is deſolate and low.

5. With ev'ry morning light
My ſorrow new begins:
Look on my anguiſh and my pain,
And pardon all my ſins.

PAUSE.

6. Behold the hoſts of hell,
How cruel is their hate?
Againſt my life they riſe and join
Their fury with deceit.

7. O keep my ſoul from death,
Nor put my hope to ſhame,
For I have plac'd my only truſt
In my Redeemer's name.

8. With humble faith I wait
To ſee thy face again;
Of Iſrael it ne'er ſhall be ſaid
He ſought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Selfexamination, or, *Evidences of grace.*

JUDGE me O Lord and prove my ways,
And try my reins and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2. I hate to walk I hate to ſit
With men of vanity and lies:
The ſcoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
3. Amongſt thy ſaints will I appear
With hands wellwaſh'd in innocence,
But when I ſtand before thy bar
The blood of Chriſt is my defence. 12
4. I love thy habitation Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell,
There ſhall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell. 16
5. Let not my ſoul be join'd at laſt
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have paſt
Among the ſaints and near my God. 20

PSALM XXVII. ver. 1,—6. The firſt part.

The church is our delight and ſafety.

THE Lord of glory is my light
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do. 4
2. One privilege my heart deſires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God! 8

12

16

20

4. My fainting fleſh had dy'd with grief
Had not my ſoul believ'd
To ſee thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
5. Wait on the Lord ye trembling ſaints
And keep your courage up,
He 'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope *.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and thunder.

Give to the Lord ye ſons of Fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
Aſcribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
2. The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Over the ocean and the land,
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
3. He ſpeaks, and tempeſt, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide foreſts bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind
Leap at the terrour of the ſound.

* The xxviiith Pſalm has ſcarce any thing new but what is repeated in other Pſalms.

4. To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo! the ſtately cedars break,
The mountains tremble at the noiſe,
The vallies roar the deſerts quake.

5. The Lord fits ſov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King,
But makes his church his bleſt abode,
Where we his awful glories ſing.

6. In gentler language there the Lord
The counſels of his grace imparts:
Amidſt the raging ſtorm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. The firſt part.

Sickneſs healed and ſorrow removed.

I Will extol thee Lord on high,
At thy command diſeaſes fly:
Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark borders of the grave?

2. Sing to the Lord ye ſaints of his,
And tell how large his goodneſs is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and bleſs
While you record his holineſs.

3. His anger but a moment ſtays;
His love is life and length of days:
Tho' grief and tears the night employ
The morning-ſtar reſtores the joy.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. The ſecond part.

Health, ſickneſs, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 't would ne'er be night,
Fondly I ſaid within my heart
" Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."
2. But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide
My health was gone my comforts dy'd.
3. I cry'd aloud to thee my God,
" What canſt thou profit by my blood?
" Deep in the duſt can I declare
" Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?
4. " Hear me, O God of grace," I ſaid,
" And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
5. My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turn'd to joy and praiſes now;
I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.
6. My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy name;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heav'n
For ſickneſs heal'd and ſins forgiv'n.

24
28
4

7. O love the Lord all ye his ſaints
And ſing his praiſes loud,
He 'll bend his ear to your complaints
And recompenſe the proud. 28

PSALM XXXI. ver. 7,—13, 18,—21. Second part.

Deliverance from ſlander and reproach.

My heart rejoices in thy name
My God, my help, my truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd my face from ſhame,
Mine honour from the duſt. 4

2. "My life is ſpent with grief," I cry'd,
"My years conſum'd in groans,
"My ſtrength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And ſorrow waſtes my bones." 8

3. Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown. 12

4. Slander and fear on ev'ry ſide
Seiz'd and beſet me round,
I to the throne of grace apply'd
And ſpeedy reſcue found. 16

PAUSE.

5. How great deliv'rance thou haſt wrought
Before the ſons of men!
The lying lips to ſilence brought,
And made their boaſtings vain. 20

5. Thy children from the ſtrife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And cruſh the ſons of pride. 24
7. Within thy ſecret preſence Lord
Let me for ever dwell,
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
Secures a ſaint ſo well †. 28

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of ſin upon confeſſion.

O Bleſſed ſouls are they
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſs'd to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more. 4
2. They moura their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith ſincere. 8
3. While I conceal'd my guilt
I felt the feſt'ring wound,
Till I confeſs'd my ſins to thee
And ready pardon found. 12

† I have much tranſpoſed the parts of this Pſalm, that I might unite the verſes of the ſame ſenſe and ſubject nearer together, and contract them into two divine hymns.

4. Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near the throne:
Our help in times of deep diſtreſs
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free pardon and ſincere obedience, or, *Confeſſion and forgiveneſs.*

HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his ſin,
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood
Hath made his garments clean:
2. Happy beyond expreſſion he
Whoſe debts are thus diſcharg'd,
And from the guilty bondage free
He feels his ſoul enlarg'd.
3. His ſpirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all ſincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conſcience clear.
4. While I my inward guilt ſuppreſt
No quiet could I find;
My wrath lay burning in my breaſt
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
5. Then I confeſs'd my troubled thoughts,
Secret ſins reveal'd;
Pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Grace my pardon ſeal'd.

BLESS'D is the man, for ever blefs'd,
Whofe guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whofe fins with forrow are confefs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2. Blefs'd is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.

3. From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy his holy fear
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith fincere.

4. How glorious is that righteoufnefs
That hides and cancels all his fins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and fhines *.

* Thefe two firft verfes of this Pfalm being cited by the ap

PSALM XXXII. Second part. Long Metre.

A guilty conſcience eaſed by confeſſion and pardon.

WHILE I keep ſilence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conſcience feel,
What agonies of inward ſmart!
2. I ſpread my ſins before the Lord,
And all my ſecret faults confeſs;
Thy goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning word,
Thine holy Spirit ſeals the grace.
3. For this ſhall ev'ry humble ſoul
Make ſwift addreſſes to thy ſeat;
When floods of huge temptations roll
There ſhall they find a bleſs'd retreat.
4. How ſafe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and ſtorms appear!
And when I walk thy watchful eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry ſnare.

PSALM XXXIII. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Works of creation and Providence.

REJOICE ye righteous in the Lord;
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt and true.

Their ſhining hoſts were made.

4. He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing ſeas their limits know,
And their own ſtation keep.

5. Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth
With fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake, and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.

6. He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory ſhines.

2. His eye with infinite ſurvey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould. 8

3. Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave,
Nor ſpeed nor courage of an horſe
Can the bold rider ſave. 12

4. Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men
To hope for ſafety thence,
But holy ſouls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure defence. 16

5. God is their fear and God their truſt
When plagues or famine ſpread;
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt
Among ten thouſand dead. 20

6 Lord let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne,
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone. 24

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Pſalm. Firſt part.

Works of creation and Providence.

Ye holy ſouls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praiſe becomes your voice:
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true.

Thoſe wat'ry treaſures know their [illegible]
In the vaſt ſtorehouſe of the deep:
He ſpake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and ſeas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlaſting orders keep.

4. Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts and weak your hands,
But his eternal counſel ſtands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Pſalm. Second pa

Creatures vain and God all-ſufficient.

O Happy nation where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,

gs rely upon their hoſt,
rength the champion boaſt:
boaſt, in vain rely;
uſt the brutal force
ourage of a horſe
rider or to fly. 15
e of thy compaſſion Lord
cure defence afford
or dangers threat'ning ſtand:
l eye preſerves the juſt
ıy name their fear and truſt
r famine waſte the land. 18
eſs or the bloody field
yſician, thou our Shield,
tion from thy throne:
ee thy goodneſs ſhine,
e in help divine,
ope is God alone. 24

xxxiv. Firſt part. Long Metre.

of the ſaints, or, *Deliverance by prayer.*

I bleſs thee all my days,
all dwell upon my tongue;
I glory in thy grace,
rejoice to hear the ſong. 4

2. Come, magnify the Lord with me,
ome, let us all exalt his name:
ought th' eternal God, and he
as not expos'd my hope to shame.
3. I told him all my secret grief;
y secret groaning reach'd his ears,
e gave my toward pains relief,
nd calm'd the tumult of my fears.
4. To him the poor lift up their eyes,
heir faces feel the heav'nly shine;
beam of mercy from the skies
lls them with light and joy divine.
5. His holy angels pitch their tents
ound the men that serve the Lord:

2. If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3. The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

5. He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 1,—10. First part.
Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

LL blefs the Lord from day to day;
ow good are all his ways!
humble souls that use to pray
ne help my lips to praise.
ing to the honour of his name
a poor suff'rer cry'd,
was his hope expos'd to shame,
was his fait denyd,

ſharpeſt torments eaſe,
all my fears.

PAUSE.

ers come and taſte his love,
his pleaſant ways,
r own experience prove
:ſs of his grace.
s his angels pitch their tents
re his children dwell;
eir heav'nly care prevents
:ongue can tell.]
: the Lord ye ſaints of his;
ırds the juſt;
bleſt their portion is
the Lord their truſt!
; lions pinch'd with hunger roar
in the wood,
›plies his holy poor

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 11,—22. Second part.
Common Metre.

Exhortations to peace and holineſs.

COME children learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2. Depart from miſchief, practiſe love,
Purſue the works of peace,
So ſhall the Lord your ways approve
And ſet your ſouls at eaſe.

3. His eyes awake to guard the juſt,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken ſpirits dwell in duſt
The God of grace is nigh.

What tho' the ſorrows here they taſte
Sharp and tedious too?
Lord who ſaves them all at laſt
Their ſupporter now.

Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead,
God ſecures his own,
Hates the miſchief when they ſlide,
Is the broken bone.

When deſolation like a flood
The proud ſinner rolls,
And a refuge in their God,
Redeem'd their ſouls.

ith all the ſons of ſtrife,
nd fight againſt the men of blood
ho fight againſt my life.
2. Draw out thy ſpear and ſtop their way,
ift thine avenging rod,
ut to my ſoul in mercy ſay
"I am thy Saviour God."
3. They plant their ſnares to catch my feet,
And nets of miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the deſtroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.
4. Let fogs and darkneſs hide their way,
And ſlipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath ſhall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.
5. They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
[illegible] of the Lord behind

thou haſt a choſen few
hat impious race,
n from the bloody crew
riſing grace. 28
will I raiſe my tuneful voice
ıy wonders known;
ation I 'll rejoice,
nee for my own‡. 32

xxxv. ver. 12, 13, 14. Second part.

ies, or, *The love of Chriſt to ſinners typified*

e love, the gen'rous love,
David ſhows;
ıis ſounding bowels move
ted foes! 4

Among the imprecations that David uſes againſt in this Pſalm I have adventured to turn the edge m away from perſonal enemies againſt the imies of God in the world.---Stanza vii, viii. Agreeirit of the goſpel I have here further mollified tions by a charitable diſtinction and petition for ich ſpirit of evangelick charity appears ſo con- 12th, 13th, and 14th verſes of the Pſalm, that I ear to form them into a ſhort diſtinct hymn, en- glorious character of a Chriſtian *love to our ene-* ded ſo particularly, and ſo divinely exemplified, ſif.

And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4. They groan'd and curs'd him on their be
Yet still he pleads and mourns,
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5. O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6. He the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Pay'd his own dearest blood *.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 5,—9. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God, or, *General*
dence and special grace

2. Let kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength the champion boaſt:
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely;
In vain we truſt the brutal force
Or ſpeed or courage of a horſe
To guard his rider or to fly. 12

3. The eye of thy compaſſion Lord
Doth more ſecure defence afford
When deaths or dangers threat'ning ſtand:
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt
Who make thy name their fear and truſt
When wars or famine waſte the land. 18

4. In ſickneſs or the bloody field
Thou our Phyſician, thou our Shield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne:
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone. 24

PSALM XXXIV. Firſt part. Long Metre.

God's care of the ſaints, or, *Deliverance by prayer.*

LORD, I will bleſs thee all my days,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon my tongue;
My ſoul ſhall glory in thy grace,
While ſaints rejoice to hear the ſong. 4

2. Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I fought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to ſhame. 8

3. I told him all my ſecret grief;
My ſecret groaning reach'd his ears,
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears. 12

4. To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly ſhine;
A beam of mercy from the ſkies
Fills them with light and joy divine. 16

5. His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that ſerve the Lord:
O fear and love him all his ſaints,
Taſte of his grace and truſt his word. 20

6. The wild young lions pinch'd with pain
And hunger roar thro' all the wood,
But none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want ſupplies of real good. 24

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 11,—22. Second part.
Long Metre.

Religious education, or, *Inſtructions of piety.*

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope your parents' joy,
Attend the counſels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ. 4

2. If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit. 8

3. The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies. 12

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie. 16

5. He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath. 20

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 1,—10. First part.
Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

I'll bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray
Come help my lips to praise. 4

2. Sing to the honour of his name
How a poor suff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd. 8

3. When threat'ning ſorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs fears aroſe,
Like the loud billows of a flood
Redoubling all my woes,

4. I told the Lord my ſore diſtreſs
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my ſharpeſt torments eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5. [O ſinners come and taſte his love,
Come learn his pleaſant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The ſweetneſs of his grace.

6. He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7. [O love the Lord ye ſaints of his;
His eye regards the juſt;
How richly bleſt their portion is
Who make the Lord their truſt!

8. Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar
And famiſh in the wood,
But God ſupplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 11,—22. Second part.
Common Metre.

Exhortations to peace and holineſs.

COME children learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful word
Be found upon your tongue. 4

2. Depart from miſchief, practiſe love,
Purſue the works of peace,
So ſhall the Lord your ways approve
And ſet your ſouls at eaſe. 8

3. His eyes awake to guard the juſt,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken ſpirits dwell in duſt
The God of grace is nigh. 12

4. What tho' the ſorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too?
The Lord who ſaves them all at laſt
Is their ſupporter now. 16

5. Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead,
But God ſecures his own,
Prevents the miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken bone. 20

6. When deſolation like a flood
O'er the proud ſinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their ſouls. 24

PSALM XXXV. ver. 1,—9. First part. Common Metre.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints, or, *Imprecations mixed with charity.*

Now plead my cause almighty God
With all the sons of strife,
And fight against the men of blood
Who fight against my life. 4

2. Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod,
But to my soul in mercy say
"I am thy Saviour God." 8

3. They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made. 12

4. Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound. 16

5. They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death. 20

6. They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high. 24

7. But if thou haſt a choſen few
Amongſt that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy ſurpriſing grace. 28
8. Then will I raiſe my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their ſalvation I 'll rejoice,
And bleſs thee for my own‡. 32

PSALM XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. Second part.

Love to enemies, or, *The love of Chriſt to ſinners typified in David.*

BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David ſhows;
Hark how his ſounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes! 4

‡ Stanza vi. Among the imprecations that David uſes againſt his adverſaries in this Pſalm I have adventured to turn the edge of ſome of them away from perſonal enemies againſt the implacable enemies of God in the world.---Stanza vii, viii. Agreeably to the ſpirit of the goſpel I have here further mollified theſe imprecations by a charitable diſtinction and petition for their ſouls, which ſpirit of evangelick charity appears ſo conſpicuous in the 12th, 13th, and 14th verſes of the Pſalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a ſhort diſtinct hymn, enlarging on that glorious character of a Chriſtian *love to our enemies*, commanded ſo particularly, and ſo divinely exemplified, by Chriſt himſelf.

2. When they are ſick his ſoul complains,
And ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns
And melts his pious heart.

3. How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And faſting mortify'd his ſoul,
While for their life he pray'd. 1

4. They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns,
And double bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns. 1

5. O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Chriſt the Lord appears;
While ſinners curſe the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears. 2

6. He the true David, Iſrael's King,
Bleſs'd and belov'd of God,
To ſave us rebels dead in ſin
Pay'd his own deareſt blood *. 2

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 5,—9. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God, or, *General providence and ſpecial grace.*

HIGH in the heav'ns eternal God!
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.

* *See the* Notes on the firſt part of this Pſalm.----Stanza 2. *Sounding of the bowels* is a ſcriptural metaphor, Iſa. lxiii. 15.

2. For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep. 8

3. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But ſaints are thy peculiar care. 12

4. My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings;
The ſons of Adam in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings. 16

5. From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt,
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte. 20

6. Life like a fountain rich and free
Springs from the preſence of my Lord,
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word. 24

PSALM XXXVI. ver, 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.

Practical atheiſm expoſed, or, *The being and attributes of God aſſerted.*

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often ſays
"Their thoughts believe there 's none." 4

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(What'er their lips profefs)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they feek his grace. 8

3. What ſtrange ſelf-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there 's a haſt'ning hour
When they ſhall ſee with ſore ſurpriſe
The terrours of thy pow'r. 12

4. Thy juſtice ſhall maintain its throne
Tho' mountains melt away,
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd ſea. 16

5. Above theſe heav'ns' created rounds
Thy mercies Lord extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end. 20

6. Safety to man thy goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the beaſt;
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings
Thy children chuſe to reſt. 24

[7. From thee when creature-ſtreams run low
And mortal comforts die
Perpetual ſprings of life ſhall flow
And raiſe our pleaſures high. 28

8. Tho' all created light decay
And death cloſe up our eyes,
Thy preſence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never riſe.] 32

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1,—7. Short Metre.

The wickedneſs of man and the majeſty of God, or, *Practical atheiſm expoſed.*

When man grows bold in ſin
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within
"Nor fear before his eyes."
[2. He walks a while conceal'd
In a ſelf-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd
Expoſe his hateful name.]
3. His heart is falſe and foul,
His words are ſmooth and fair,
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his ſoul
And leaves no goodneſs there.
4 He plots upon his bed
New miſchiefs to fulfil;
He ſets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practiſe all that 's ill.
5. But there 's a dreadful God
Tho' men renounce his fear,
His juſtice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear
6. His truth tranſcends the ſky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell,
Deep as the ſea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

: pains [illegible]
lumb before thy throne,
dispute thy will.
ases are thy servants Lord,
ne at thy command;
ttempt a murm'ring word
thy chast'ning hand.
t I may plead with humble cries
: thy sharp rebukes:
ngth consumes my spirit dies
hy repeated strokes.
ush'd as a moth beneath thy hand
nsider to the dust;
ble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
[illegible] beauty's lost.
I his mortal life decays apace,
soon the bubble's broke!
and all his num'rous race
[illegible]

5. Mine innocence ſhalt thou diſplay
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day
And glorious as the noon.
6. The meek at laſt the earth poſſeſs
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches with abundant peace
To humble ſouls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7. Reſt in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger riſe
Tho' Providence ſhould long delay
To puniſh haughty vice.
8. Let ſinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam,
The Lord derides them, for he ſees
Their day of vengeance come.
9. They have drawn out the threat'ning ſword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To ſlay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
10. My God ſhall break their bows and burn
Their perſecuting darts,
Shall their own ſwords againſt them turn,
And pain ſurpriſe their hearts ‡.

‡ I have turned the divine inſtructions at the beginning of this Pſalm into the form of holy purpoſes, as more affecting and lively.

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 16, 21, 26,—31. Second part.

Charity to the poor, or, *Religion in words and deeds.*

Why do the wealthy wicked boaſt
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt portion of the juſt
Excels the ſinner's gold. 4

2. The wicked borrows of his friends
But ne'er deſigns to pay,
The ſaint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away. 8

3. His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Amongſt the ſons of need,
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And bleſſed is his ſeed. 12

4. His lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud,
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God. 16

5. The law and goſpel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word
His feet ſhall never ſlide. 20

6. When ſinners fall the righteous ſtand
Preſerv'd from ev'ry ſnare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd land
And dwell for ever there. 24

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 23,—37. Third part.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

My God! the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will,
Tho' they ſhould fall they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.
2. The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace
Nor leave the men he loves.
3. The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of bleſſings long to come.
4. Wait on the Lord ye ſons of men!
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their pride was vain
When juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

5. The haughty ſinner have I ſeen
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall baytree fair and green
Spreading his arms abroad;
6. And lo! he vaniſh'd from the ground,
Deſtroy'd by hands unſeen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found
Where all that pride had been.

7. But mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral ſteps attend:
True pleaſure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end†. 28

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of conſcience and relief, or, *Repentance and prayer for pardon and health.*

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Reſtore thy ſervant Lord,
Nor let a father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an avenger's ſword. 4

2. Thine arrows ſtick within my heart,
My fleſh is ſorely preſt;
Between the ſorrow and the ſmart
My ſpirit finds no reſt. 8

3. My ſins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone. 12

4. My thoughts are like a troubled ſea,
My head ſtill bending down,
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown. 16

† This long Pſalm abounds with uſeful inſtructions and encouragements to piety, but the verſes are very much unconnected and independent, therefore I have contracted and tranſpoſed them ſo as to reduce them to three hymns of a *moderate length*, and with ſome connexion of the ſenſe.

5. Lord I am weak and broken ſore,
None of my pow'rs are whole,
The inward anguiſh makes me roar,
The anguiſh of my ſoul.

6. All my deſire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry ſigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7. Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my ſpirit up
When Satan bids me die.

[8. My foot is ever apt to ſlide,
My foes rejoice to ſee 't;
They raiſe their pleaſure and their pride
When they ſupplant my feet.

9. But I 'll confeſs my guilt to thee
And grieve for all my ſin,
I 'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg ſupport divine.

10. My God! forgive my follies paſt,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my ſalvation haſte
Before thy ſervant die!]

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 1, 2, 3. First part.

Watchfulneſs over the tongue, or, *Prudence and zeal.*

THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
" Now will I watch my tongue,
" Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful word
" Or do my neighbour wrong."
2. And if I 'm e'er conſtrain'd to ſtay
With men of lives profane,
I 'll ſet a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
3. I 'll ſcarce allow my lips to ſpeak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Leſt ſcoffers ſhould th' occaſion take
To mock my holy zeal.
4. Yet if ſome proper hour appear
I 'll not be overaw'd,
But let the ſcoffing ſinners hear
That we can ſpeak for God ‡.

‡ I have not confined myſelf here to the ſenſe of the Pſalmiſt, but have taken occaſion from the three firſt verſes to write a ſhort hymn on the government of the tongue.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7. Second part.

The vanity of man as mortal.

TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am. 4

2. A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and duſt
In all his flow'r and prime. 8

3. See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain,
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain. 12

4. Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more. 16

5. What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain
And diſappoint our truſt. 20

6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recall,
I give my mortal int'reſt up,
And make my God my all. 24

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 9,—13. Third part.

Sickled devotion, or, *Pleading without repining.*

GOD of my life look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2. Diſeaſes are thy ſervants Lord,
They come at thy command;
I 'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3. Yet I may plead with humble cries
Remove thy ſharp rebukes:
My ſtrength conſumes my ſpirit dies
Thro' thy repeated ſtrokes.

4. Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand
We moulder to the duſt;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty 's loſt.

[5. This mortal life decays apace,
How ſoon the bubble 's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and ſmoke.]

6. I 'm but a ſojourner below
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the ſummons hear.

7. But if my life be ſpar'd a while
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſ'neſs ſtill,
And I 'll declare thy love. 28

PSALM XL. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5,—17. Firſt Part.
Common Metre.

A ſong of deliverance from great diſtreſs.

I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry,
He ſaw me reſting on his word
And brought ſalvation nigh. 4

2. He rais'd me from a horrid pit
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay. 8

3. Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful ſong. 12

4. I 'll ſpread his works of grace abroad;
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear,
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear. 16

5. How many are thy thoughts of love,
Thy mercies Lord how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat. 20

6. When I 'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo
And bears me on his heart. 24

PSALM XL. ver. 6,—9. Second part. Common Metre.

The incarnation and ſacrifice of Chriſt.

THUS ſaith the Lord, " Your work is vain,
" Give your burnt off'rings o'er,
" In dying goats and bullocks ſlain
" My ſoul delights no more." 4
2. Then ſpake the Saviour, " Lo I 'm here
" My God to do thy will;
" Whate'er thy ſacred books declare
" Thy ſervant ſhall fulfil. 8
3. " Thy law is ever in my ſight,
" I keep it near my heart;
" Mine ears are open'd with delight
" To what thy lips impart." 12
4. And ſee! the bleſs'd Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time aſſumes
The body God prepares. 16
5. Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he ſhew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteouſneſs
Where great aſſemblies ſtood. 20

6. His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd ſinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a ſacrifice. 24

PAUSE.

7. No blood of beaſts on altars ſhed
Could waſh the conſcience clean,
But the rich ſacrifice he paid
Atones for all our ſin. 28

8. Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook:
Thus by the woman's promis'd ſeed
The ſerpent's head was broke ‡. 32

‡ If David had written this Pſalm in the days of the goſpel ſurely he would have given a much more expreſs and particular account of the ſacrifice of Chriſt, as he hath done of his preaching, ver. 9, 10. and enlarged as Paul does in *Heb.* x. 4, &c. where this Pſalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this paraphraſe than what I am perſuaded the Pſalmiſt himſelf would have done in the time of Chriſtianity.—The ſcriptures which I have uſed here on this occaſion are, Heb. x. 4. *It is not poſſible the blood of bulls and of goats ſhould take away ſin*; ver. 5. *A body haſt thou prepared me*; John vii. 18. *I ſeek the glory of him that ſent me*; Heb. x. 26. *He appeared to put away ſin by the ſacrifice of himſelf*; Gen. iii. 15. *The ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head.*

PSALM XL. ver. 5.—10. Long Metre.

Chriſt our ſacrifice.

THE wonders Lord! thy love has wrought
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail
My ſpeech would faint my numbers fail.

2. No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt,
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An aliſufficient ſacrifice.

3. Lo thine eternal Son appears,
To thy deſigns he bows his ears,
Aſſumes a body will prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

4. "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of ſins, and do thy will my God.

5. "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's part,
"And lo thy law is in my heart.

6. "I 'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my croſs I 'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the ſky.

7. " The Spirit ſhall deſcend and ſhow
" What thou haſt done and what I do;
" The wond'ring world ſhall learn thy grace,
" Thy wiſdom and thy righteouſneſs‡." 28

PSALM XLI. ver. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the poor, or, *Pity to the afflicted.*

BLESS'D is the man whoſe bowels move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whoſe ſoul by ſympathizing love
Feels what his fellow ſaints endure. 4

2. His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord has bowels too. 8

3. His ſoul ſhall live ſecure on earth
With ſecret bleſſings on his head
When drought, and peſtilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead. 12

‡ Beſides ſome of the ſcriptures mentioned under the former metre I have here made uſe of theſe alſo, 1 *Job.* iii. 5. *The Son of God was manifeſted, &c.*; 1 Pet. ii. 24. *He bare our ſins*; Iſa. xlii. 21. *He will magnify the law and make it honourable*; John xii. 32. *If I be lifted up I will draw all men to me*; John xvi. 14. *The Spirit ſhall receive of mine and ſhew it unto you.*

4. Or if he languiſh on his couch
God will pronounce his ſins forgiv'n,
Will ſave him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing ſoul to heav'n ‡. 16

PSALM XLII. ver. 1,—5. The firſt part.

Deſertion and hope, or, *Complaint of abſence from publick worſhip.*

With earneſt longings of the mind
My God to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taſte the cooling brook. 4

2. When ſhall I ſee thy courts of grace
And meet my God again?
So long an abſence from thy face
My heart endures with pain. 8

3. Temptations vex my weary ſoul,
And tears are my repaſt;
The foe inſults without control,
"And where 's your God at laſt?" 12

‡ The ten laſt verſes of this Pſalm are of quite another ſubject, relating to David's perſonal enemies, which being ſo frequently repeated I have often omitted.--The poſitive bleſſings of long life, health, recovery, and ſecurity, in the midſt of dangers, being ſo much promiſed in The Old Teſtament, and ſo little in The New, I have given a turn at the end of this hymn to diſcourage a too confident expectation of theſe temporal things, and led the ſoul to heavenly hopes more agreeable to the goſpel.

4. 'Tis with a mournful pleaſure now
I think on ancient days,
Then to thy houſe did numbers go,
And all our work was praiſe.
5. But why my ſoul ſunk down ſo far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge deſpair
And ſin againſt my God?
6. Hope in the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
For I ſhall yet before him ſtand
And ſing reſtoring love.

PSALM XLII. ver. 6,—11. The ſecond part.

Melancholy thoughts reproved, or, *Hope in afflictions*.

My ſpirit ſinks within me Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of paſt diſtreſs record,
When I have found my God was kind.
2. Huge troubles with tumultuous noiſe
Swell like a ſea and round me ſpread;
Thy waterſpouts drown all my joys,
And riſing waves roll o'er my head.
3. Yet will the Lord command his love
When I addreſs his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove,
The night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

3. From ſea to ſea thro' all the ſhore
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4. He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpe
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

5. "Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
"I 'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my throne in Sion ſtands."

6. O Lord of hoſts, almighty King!
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell
Our faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſ
Defiance to

3. In God they boaſted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And grace was all their ſong.

4. But now our ſouls are ſeiz'd with ſhame,
Confuſion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaſpheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5. Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our ſteps declin'd the road
Of duty thou haſt giv'n;

6. Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their deſtructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us ſore
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7. We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cauſe,
As ſheep for ſlaughter bound we lie
By ſharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, ariſe, almighty Lord!
Why ſleeps thy wonted grace?
Why ſhould we look like men abhorr'd
Or baniſh'd from thy face?

9. Wilt thou for ever caſt us off
And ſtill neglect our cries,
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

These temples of his grace
beautiful they ſtand!
honours of our native place,
bulwarks of our land.]
In Sion God is known
ſuge in diſtreſs;
bright has his ſalvation ſhone
all her palaces!
When kings againſt her join'd,
for the Lord was there,
to confuſion of the mind
with haſty fear.
When navies tall and proud
to ſpoil our peace,
by a tempeſt roaring loud

[5. Thy Father and thy God
Hath without meaſure ſhed
His Spirit like a joyful oil
T' anoint thy ſacred head.]

[6. Behold at thy right hand
The Gentile church is ſeen
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7. Fair bride receive his love,
Forget thy father's houſe,
Forſake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8. O let thy God and King
Thy ſweeteſt thoughts employ,
Thy children ſhall his honours ſing
In palaces of joy†.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The perſonal glories and government of Chriſt.

I 'll ſpeak the honours of my King;
His form divinely fair,
None of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

† This Pſalm is a deſcription of the perſonal glories of Chriſt and the ſucceſs of his goſpel, and probably it refers to the Gentile church, becauſe ſhe is bid to *forget her father's houſe*, all under the type of Solomon's marriage to Pharaoh's daughter. —Stanza v. John iii. 34. *God giveth not the ſpirit by meaſure unto him.*

2. Theſe temples of his grace
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3. In Sion God is known
A refuge in diſtreſs;
How bright has his ſalvation ſhone
Thro' all her palaces!

4. When kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild confuſion of the mind
They fled with haſty fear.

5. When navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our peace,
He ſends his tempeſt roaring loud

3. Dreſs thee in arms moſt mighty Lord!
Gird on the terrour of thy ſword,
In majeſty and glory ride
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.
4. Thine anger like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart,
Or words of mercy kind and ſweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
5. Thy throne O God for ever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.
6 God thine own God has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. Second part. Long Metre.

Chriſt and his church, or, *The myſtical marriage.*

THE King of ſaints how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above
And wins the nations to his love.
2. At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in pureſt gold,
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs,
Her robe of joy and righteouſneſs.

pience and pride,
his wealth and honours flow
v'ry rising tide?
Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
of the selfsame clay,
ast as tho' his flesh was born
r dust than they?]
t all his treasures can procure
a short reprieve,
from death one guilty hour,
his brother live.
fe is a blessing cann't be sold,
om is too high;
ill ne'er be brib'd with gold
n may never die.]

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide
While ev'ry nation ev'ry ſhore
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling tide.
4. There is a ſtream whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, ſtill gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.
5. That ſacred ſtream thine Holy Word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.
6. Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour,
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. Second part.

God fights for his church.

LET Sion in her King rejoice
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms riſe;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
2. The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What deſolations he has made.

3. From ſea to ſea thro' all the ſhores
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars
He awes the trembling world to peace. 12

4. He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name. 16

5. "Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
"I 'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my throne in Sion ſtands." 20

6. O Lord of hoſts, almighty King!
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell
Our faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the gates of hell. 24

PSALM XLVII.

Chriſt aſcending and reigning.

O For a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ
And hymns of triumph ſing. 4

2. Jeſus our God aſcends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him riſing thro' the ſky
With trumpets' joyful ſound. 8

3. While angels ſhout and praiſe their King
Let mortals learn their ſtrains;
Let all the earth his honour ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns. 12

4. Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the ſong,
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue. 16

5. In Iſrael ſtood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race,
But now he calls the world his own,
And Heathens taſte his grace. 20

6. The Britiſh iſlands are the Lord's,
There Abra'm's God is known,
While pow'rs and princes ſhields and ſwords
Submit before his throne †. 24

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 1,—8. The firſt part.

The church is the honour and ſafety of a nation.

[GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praiſe be great,
He makes his churches his abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat. 4

† The aſcent of Chriſt into heaven is typified in this Pſalm by the ark brought up to Sion, 2 *Sam.* vi. 15.; and the kingdom of Chriſt among the Gentiles is here repreſented by David's victory over the nations, ver. 3. I have choſen to omit the type, and do honour to my aſcending and reigning Saviour in more expreſs language.

2. Thefe temples of his grace
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.] 8

3. In Sion God is known
A refuge in diſtreſs;
How bright has his ſalvation ſhone
Thro' all her palaces! 12

4. When kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild confuſion of the mind
They fled with haſty fear. 16

5. When navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our peace,
He ſends his tempeſt roaring loud
And ſinks them in the ſeas. 20

6. Oft' have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often ſeen,
How well our God ſecures the fold
Where his own ſheep have been. 24

7. In ev'ry new diſtreſs
We'll to his houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace
And ſeek deliv'rance there. 28

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 10,—14. The second part.

The beauty of the church, or, *Gospel-worship and order*.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise,
Thy saints O Lord before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
2. With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand
And counsels of thy will.
3. Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;
4. The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
5. How decent and how wise,
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
6. The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. ver. 6,—14. First part.
Common Metre.

Pride and death, or, *The vanity of life and riches.*

Why doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide?
[2. Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the selfsame clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]
3. Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.
[4. Life is a blessing cann't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold
That man may never die.]
5. He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
6. Yet 't is his inward thought and pride
"My house shall ever stand,
"And that my name may long abide
"I 'll give it to my land."

7. Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the duſt
Where his own carcaſs lies.

PAUSE.

8. This is the folly of their way,
And yet their ſons as vain
Approve the words their fathers ſay
And act their works again.

9. Men void of wiſdom and of grace,
If honour raiſe them high,
Live like the beaſt, a thoughtleſs race,
And like the beaſt they die.

10. Laid in the grave like ſilly ſheep
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt trumpet breaks their ſleep
In terrour and deſpair.

PSALM XLIX. ver. 14, 15. Second part.
Common Metre.

Death and the reſurrection.

YE ſons of pride that hate the juſt
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to duſt
Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2. The laſt great day ſhall change the ſcene;
When will that hour appear?
When ſhall the juſt revive and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here? 8

3. God will my naked ſoul receive
When ſep'rate from the fleſh,
And break the priſon of the grave
To raiſe my bones afreſh. 12

4. Heav'n is my everlaſting home,
Th' inheritance is ſure;
Let men of pride their rage reſume,
But I 'll repine no more. 16

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich ſinner's death and the ſaint's reſurrection.

WHY do the proud inſult the poor,
And boaſt the large eſtates they have?
How vain are riches to ſecure
Their haughty owners from the grave! 4

2. They cann't redeem one hour from death
With all the wealth in which they truſt,
Nor give a dying brother breath
When God commands him down to duſt. 8

3. There the dark earth and diſmal ſhade
Shall claſp their naked bodies round,
That fleſh ſo delicately fed
Lies cold and moulders in the ground. 12

4. Like thoughtleſs ſheep the ſinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The ſaints ſhall in the morning riſe
And find th' oppreſſor at their feet.

5. His honours periſh in the duſt,
And pomp, and beauty, birth, and blood;
That glorious day exalts the juſt
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6. My Saviour ſhall my life reſtore
And raiſe me from my dark abode;
My fleſh and ſoul ſhall part no more
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. ver. 1,—6. Firſt part. Common Metre.

The laſt judgment, or, *The ſaints rewarded.*

THE Lord the Judge before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the riſing ſun
And near the weſtern ſky.

2. No more ſhall bold blaſphemers ſay
"Judgment will near begin,"
No more abuſe his long delay
To impudence and ſin.

3. Thron'd on a cloud our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4. Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5. "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6. "Their faith and works brought forth to light
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. Second part. Common Metre.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Thus saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
"And flocks and herds, are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2. "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all that I require.

3. "Call upon me when trouble 's near,
"My hand shall set thee free,
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honour due to me.

4. " The man that offers humble praiſe
" He glorifies me beſt,
" And thoſe that tread my holy ways
" Shall my ſalvation taſte." 16

PSALM L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. Third part. Common Metre.

The judgment of hypocrites.

WHEN Chriſt to judgment ſhall deſcend
And ſaints ſurround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend
And hear his awful word. 4

2. " Not for the want of bullocks ſlain
" Will I the world reprove;
" Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain
" Without the fire of love. 8

3. " And what have hypocrites to do
" To bring their ſacrifice?
" They call my ſtatutes juſt and true
" But deal in theft and lies. 12

4. " Could you expect to 'ſcape my ſight
" And ſin without control?
" But I ſhall bring your crimes to light
" With anguiſh in your ſoul." 16

5. Conſider ye that ſlight the Lord
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his ſword
There 's no deliv'rer there. 20

ut make not faith nor love their care.

2. Vile wretches dare rehearſe his name
With lips of falſehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they deſame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

3. They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue
But break his laws, abuſe his grace.

4. To Heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with luſt, defil'd with blood;
By night they practiſe ev'ry ſin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5. And while his judgments long delay
They grow ſecure and ſin the more;
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

[illegible] when God draws near

PSALM L. To a new tune.

The laſt judgment.

THE Lord the Sov'reign ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north,
From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread
Thro' diſtant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more ſhall atheiſts mock his long delay;
His vengeance ſleeps no more: behold the day!

2. Behold the Judge deſcends! his guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky:
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come
To hear his juſtice and the ſinner's doom:
But gather firſt my ſaints the Judge commands,
Bring them ye angels from their diſtant lands.

3. Behold my cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
And ſign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worſhip or the new:
There's no diſtinction here: come, ſpread their thrones,
And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons.

4. I their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad

the ſenſe of it.——The latter part of this Pſalm being deſigned to expoſe and terrify all formal worſhippers and hypocrites, I have formed two or three hymns on that ſubject with ſome tranſpoſition and paraphraſe of the verſes, but I have kept the ſame introduction ſtill by repeating the firſt verſe of the Pſalm.

My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
Thoſe awful truths that ſinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Sion tremble and retire,
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5. Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love; in vain the ſtore
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before:
Mine are the tamer beaſts and ſavage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and foreſts where they feed.

6. If I were hungry would I aſk thee food?
When did I thirſt or drink thy bullocks' blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy ſolemn chatt'rings and fantaſtick vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behold
Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?

7. Unthinking wretch! how couldſt thou hope to [pleaſe
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch toys as theſe,
While with my grace and ſtatutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'ſt deceit and doſt thy brother wrong?
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen friends.

8. Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within
That God the righteous would indulge thy ſin?
Behold my terrours now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul.

9. Sinners awake betimes, ye fools be wise,
Awake before this dreadful morning rise, [mend,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works a-
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Left like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near ‡. 54

PSALM L. To the old proper tune.

The last judgment.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north,
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices,
Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices. 6

2. No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

‡ In this metre, as in some of the former, I have taken evident occasion from this Psalm to represent the last judgment, and have therefore left out those verses that seem to interrupt that sense.—Stanza iii. All the *saints have made a covenant with God by sacrifice*, (as in the text) and as it were set their names to God's covenant of grace, ratified by the sacrifice of Christ of eternal virtue, though the Jews did it in the ancient forms of worship, and the Gentiles in the new.—Stanza vi, vii. As the Jewish formal worshippers contented themselves with burnt-offerings, &c. and trusted in them, so hypocrites in Christianity build their hopes upon outward forms, gay ceremonies, rigid austerities, fanciful vows, &c.

Behold the Judge deſcends! his guards are nigh,
Tempeſts and fire attend him down the ſky:
When God appears all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble ſaints rejoice before him. 12

3. "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things
"To hear my juſtice and the ſinner's doom: [come
"But gather firſt my ſaints," the Judge commands,
"Bring them ye angels from their diſtant lands."
When Chriſt returns wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion,
And ſhout ye ſaints; he comes for your ſalvation. 18

4. "Behold my cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
"And ſign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
"That paid the ancient worſhip or the new:"
There 's no diſtinction here; join all your voices,
And raiſe your heads ye ſaints, for Heav'n rejoices. 24

5. "Here," ſaith the Lord, "ye angels ſpread their thrones,
"And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons:
"Come my redeem'd, poſſeſs the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began, 't is your divine reward."
When Chriſt returns wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion,
And ſhout ye ſaints; he comes for your ſalvation. 30

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6. "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
"I am the Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
"My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
"Thoſe awful truths that ſinners dread to hear."

When God appears all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble ſaints rejoice before him.
7. "Stand forth thou bold blaſphemer and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain
"Thou hypocrite, once dreſs'd in ſaints' attire;
"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices,
Lift up your heads ye ſaints with cheerful voices.
8. "Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are in vain
"Without the flames of love; in vain the ſtore
"Of brutal off'rings that were mine before:"
Earth is the Lord's, all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble ſaints rejoice before him.
9. "If I were hungry would I aſk thee food?
"When did I thirſt or drink thy bullocks' blood?
"Mine are the tamer beaſts and ſavage breed, [feed:"
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and foreſts where they
All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation,
Gives ſinners vengeance and the ſaints ſalvation.
10. "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy ſolemn chatt'rings and faſtaſtick vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behold
"Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?"
God is the judge of hearts: no fair diſguiſes
Can ſereen the guilty when his vengeance riſes.

12. " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
' Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends:
' While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits
' His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13. " Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,
" But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove
" And cherish such an impious thought within
" That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?"
See God appears, all nations join t' adore him,
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14. " Behold my terrours now; my thunders r
" And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
" Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding heart and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoic
Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners awake betimes, ye fools be wise,
Awake before this dreadful morning rise, [amend,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Then join ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
When Christ returns he comes for your salvation †. 90

PSALM 51. The first part. Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHEW pity Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee? 4

2. My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found. 8

3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes. 12

† If the former heroick metre do not fit the old proper tune of the 50th Psalm for want of double rhymes at the end of every stanza, I have here altered the form of it much in order to fit it exactly to the proper tune, adding a chorus, or (as some call it) the burden of the song betwixt every four lines. I hope it will not be displeasing to the more musical part of my readers to be entertained with such a variety.

And if my soul were sent to hell
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support, against despair.

PSALM LI. The second part. Long Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed.

LORD I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
[illegible]

4. Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within. 16

5. No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away. 20

6. Jesus my God! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so. 24

7. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice *. 28

PSALM LI. The third part. Long Metre.

The backslider restored, or, Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book. 4

* Stanza iv, v. Since the Psalmist seems to refer to the *branch of hyssop, sprinkling the blood of the bird, and the running water*, Levit. xiv. 51. I have here enlarged upon the insufficiency of all those rites for the cleansing of sin, which is the leprosy of the soul.—Stanza vi. Such a glorious occasion of introducing the blood of a Saviour could not be omitted here with justice to David or to Christ his son.

I mine holy joys my God reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4. Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit Lord
Thy help and comfort ſtill afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5. A broken heart my God, my King!
Is all the ſacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er deſpiſe
A broken heart for ſacrifice.

6. My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt:
Look down O Lord with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

7. Then will I teach the world thy way
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace,
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe

PSALM LI. ver. 3,—13. The firſt part.
Common Metre.

Original and actual ſin confeſſed and pardoned.

LORD I would ſpread my ſore diſtreſs
And guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws againſt thy grace
How high my crimes ariſe!
2. Shouldſt thou condemn my ſoul to hell
And cruſh my fleſh to duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth muſt own it juſt.
3. I from the ſtock of Adam came
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is ſhame,
And all my nature ſin †.
4. Born in a world of guilt I drew
Contagion with my breath,
And as my days advanc'd I grew
A juſter prey for death.
5. Cleanſe me O Lord! and cheer my ſoul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken ſpirit whole
And bid my pains remove!

† Or it may be read *My nature prone to ſin.*

6. Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace;
7. Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the ſons of men,
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy throne
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. ver. 14,—17. The ſecond part. Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Chriſt.

O God of mercy! hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this ſeparating wall
That bars me from thy love:
2. Give me the preſence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy righteouſneſs
And make thy praiſe my ſong.
3. No blood of goats nor heifer ſlain
For ſin could e'er atone;
The death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.
4. A ſoul oppreſs'd with ſin's deſert
My God will ne'er deſpiſe;
A humble groan a broken heart
Is our beſt ſacrifice.

PSALM LIII. ver. 4,—6.

Victory and deliverance from perſecution.

ARE all the foes of Sion fools
Who thus devour her ſaints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules
And pities her complaints? 4

2. They ſhall be ſeiz'd with ſad ſurpriſe,
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that riſe
To do his children harm. 8

3. In vain the ſons of Satan boaſt
Of armies in array;
When God has firſt deſpis'd their hoſt
They fall an eaſy prey. 12

4. O for a word from Sion's King
Her captives to reſtore!
Jacob with all his tribes ſhall ſing,
And Judah weep no more †. 16

PSALM LV. ver. 1,—8, 16, 17, 18, 22.
Common Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted ſoul.

O God my refuge! hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt deviſe
And triumph in my fears. 4

† The firſt part of this Pſalm is the ſame with the xivth.

2. Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My ſoul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward ſtrife
To ſhake my hope in God. 8

3. With inward pain my heartſtrings ſound,
I groan with ev'ry breath,
Horrour and fear beſet me round
Amongſt the ſhades of death. 12

4. O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I 'd fly and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs things. 16

5. Let me to ſome wild deſert go
And find a peaceful home,
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come. 20

6. Vain hopes and vain inventions all
To 'ſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can ſave me here as well. 24

PAUSE.

7. By morning light I 'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace,
Nor will he long deny. 28

8. God ſhall preſerve my ſoul from fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand angels muſt appear
If he command their aid. 32

9. I caſt my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My courage reſts upon his word
That ſaints ſhall never fall. 36
10. My higheſt hopes ſhall not be vain,
My lips ſhall ſpread his praiſe,
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days ‡. 40

PSALM LV. ver, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

Dangerous proſperity, or, *Daily devotions encouraged.*

LET ſinners take their courſe
And chuſe the road to death,
But in the worſhip of my God
I 'll ſpend my daily breath. 4
2. My thoughts addreſs his throne
When morning brings the light,
I ſeek his bleſſing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night. 8
3. Thou wilt regard my cries
O my eternal God!
While ſinners periſh in ſurpriſe
Beneath thine angry rod. 12

‡ I have left out ſome whole Pſalms, and ſeveral parts of others, that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming ſorrows or ſharp reſentment, neither of which are ſo well ſuited to the ſpirit of the goſpel, and therefore the particular complaints of David againſt Achitophel here are entirely omitted.

Will lean upon the Lord,
I 'll caſt my burden on his arm
And reſt upon his word.

6. His arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their ſafety ſtands
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from oppreſſion and falſehood, or, *of his people in anſwer to faith and prayer.*

O Thou whoſe juſtice reigns on high
And makes th' oppreſſor ceaſe,
Behold how envious ſinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2. The ſons of violence and lies
Join to devour me Lord!

4. They wreſt my words to miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Miſchief doth all their counſels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5. Shall they eſcape without thy frown?
Muſt their devices ſtand?
O! caſt the haughty ſinner down
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

6. God counts the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Their groans affect his ears,
Thou haſt a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7. When to thy throne I raiſe my cry
The wicked fear and flee,
So ſwift is pray'r to reach the ſky,
So near is God to me.

8. In thee, moſt holy, juſt, and true!
I have repos'd my truſt,
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

9. Thy ſolemn vows are on me Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;
I 'll ſing, " How faithful is thy word,
" How righteous all thy ways!"

10. Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death,
O ſet thy pris'ner free!
That heart and hand and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2. Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angel from the ſky
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3. Be thou exalted O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4. My heart is fix'd, my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake my tongue to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5. High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains

PSALM LVIII. as the 113th Psalm.

Warning to magistrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands? 6

2. Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad
To bind the conscience in your chains. 12

3. A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the pow'r of charming sounds. 18

4. Break out their teeth eternal God!
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood,
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost. 24

5. Th'Almighty thunders from the ſky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of ſnow diſſolve and run,
Or ſnails that periſh in their ſlime,
Or births that come before their time;
Vain births! that never ſee the ſun.

6. Thus ſhall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to ſaints afford,
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay
"Sure there 's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their ſuff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. ver. 1,—5. 10,—12.

On a day of humiliation for diſappointments in war.

LORD! haſt thou caſt the nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2. The terrour of one frown of thine
Melts all our ſtrength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine
We tremble in diſmay.

3. Great Britain ſhakes beneath thy ſtroke
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
O heal the iſland thou haſt broke,
Confirm the wav'ring land!

4. Lift up a banner in the field
For thoſe that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5. Go with our armies to the fight
Like a confed'rate god;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

6. Our troops ſhall gain a wide renown
By thine aſſiſting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down
And makes the feeble ſtand.

PSALM LXI. ver. 1,—6.

Safety in God.

When overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpleſs and far from all relief
To Heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2. O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade!

3. Within thy preſence Lord
For ever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou giveſt me the lot
Of thoſe that fear thy name;
If endleſs life be their reward
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame. 16

PSALM LXII. ver. 5,—12.

No truſt in the creatures, or, *Faith in divine grace and power.*

My ſpirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits. 4

2. Truſt him ye ſaints in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail and foes invade
God is our allſufficient aid. 8

3. Falſe are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air. 12

4. Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your hearts on glitt'ring duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God has ſpoke? 16

5. Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted too." 20

6. For fov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our laſt reward.

PSALM LXIII. ver. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 4. Firſt part. Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

EARLY my God! without delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy face;
My thirſty ſpirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the ſcorching ſand
Beneath a burning ſky
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3. I 've ſeen thy glory and thy pow'r
Thro' all thy temple ſhine;
My God! repeat that heav'nly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4. Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well
As when thy richer grace I taſte
And in thy preſence dwell.

5. Not life itſelf with all her joys
Can my beſt paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

'Twas in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in ſight
Amidſt the darkeſt hour.

2. My fleſh lay reſting on my bed,
My ſoul aroſe on high,
"My God, my life, my hope!" I ſaid,
"Bring thy ſalvation nigh."

3. My ſpirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road,
But thy right hand upholds me ſtill
While I purſue my God.

4. Thy mercy ſtretches o'er my head
The ſhadow of thy wings,
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and ſings.

6. Thy ſword ſhall give my foes to death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God, or, The love of God better than life.

GREAT God! indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2. Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe!
Thou art my Father and my God,
And I am thine by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant, bought with blood.

3. With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4. With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy ſaints and ſeek thy face;
Oft' have I ſeen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of ſov'reign grace.

5. Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taſte,
Nor all the joys our ſenſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my cheerful paſſion ſo.

6. My life itſelf without thy love
No taſte of pleaſure could afford,
'Twould but a tireſome burden prove
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

7. Amidſt the wakeful hours of night,
When buſy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreſhment to my bed.

8. I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And ſpend the remnant of my days.

PSALM. LXIII. Short Metre.

4. For life without thy love
No reliſh can afford:
No joy can be compar'd to this
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.
5. To thee I 'll lift my hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feaſt
Such food or pleaſure give.
6. In wakeful hours at night
I call my god to mind;
I think how wiſe thy counſels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
7. Since thou haſt been my help
To thee my ſpirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
8. The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps †.

† After I had finiſhed the common metre of this Pſalm I obſerved ſeveral pious turns of thought in Dr. Patrick's verſion, which I have copied in this metre, tho' with ſome difficulty, becauſe of the ſhorter lines.

PSALM LXV. 1,—5. First part. Long Metre.

Publick prayer and praise.

THE praise of Sion waits for thee
My God! and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their publick vows. 4

2. O Thou! whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea. 8

3. Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again. 12

4. Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind access to thee,
Give him a place within thy house
To taste thy love divinely free. 16

PAUSE.

5. Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel! prepare for long distress
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terrour and in righteousness. 20

6. With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request,
And with Almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest. 24

7. Then ſhall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill and own their Lord;
The riſing and the ſetting ſun
Shall ſee the Saviour's name ador'd. 28

PSALM LXV. ver. 5,—13. The ſecond part.
Long Metre.

Divine Providence in air, earth, and ſea, or, *The God of nature and grace.*

THE God of our ſalvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears,
Yet when he comes with kind deſigns
Thro' all the way his terrour ſhines. 4

2. On him the race of man depends
Far as the earth's remoteſt ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone. 8

3. Sailors that travel o'er the flood
Addreſs their frighted ſouls to God
When tempeſts rage and billows roar
At dreadful diſtance from the ſhore: 12

4. He bids the noiſy tempeſts ceaſe;
He calms the raging crowd to peace
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds and loud as waves. 16

5. Whole kingdoms ſhaken by the ſtorm
He ſettles in a peaceful form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his hand
Firm on their old foundations ſtand.
6. Behold his enſigns ſweep the ſky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly;
The Heathen lands with ſwift ſurpriſe
From the bright horrours turn their eyes.
7. At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the eaſt and leads the day;
He guides the ſun's declining wheels
Over the tops of weſtern hills.
8. Seaſons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice

12. Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear:
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year. 48

PSALM. LXV. First part. Common Metre.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord! for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid. 4

2. Lord our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin. 8

3. Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace. 12

4. In answ'ring what thy church requests
Thy truth and terrour shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design. 16

5. Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just,
And distant islands fly to thee
And make thy name their trust. 20

The providence of God in air, earth, and ſea, bleſſing of rain.

'Tis by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2. Thy morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the ſpring.

3. Seaſons and times, and moons and hours
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhow'rs
The Author is divine.

4. Thoſe wand'ring ciſterns in the ſky
Borne by the winds around,
With [illegible]

PSALM. LXV. Third part. Common Metre.

The bleſſings of the ſpring, or, *God gives rain.*

A Pſalm for the huſbandman.

GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Viſits the paſtures ev'ry ſpring,
And bids the graſs appear.
2. The clouds like rivers rais'd on high
Pour out at thy command
Their wat'ry bleſſings from the ſky
To cheer the thirſty land.
3. The ſoften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to ſpring,
The vallies rich proviſion yield,
And the poor lab'rers ſing.
4. The little hills on ev'ry ſide
Rejoice at falling ſhow'rs,
The meadows dreſs'd in all their pride
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
5. The barren clods refreſh'd with rain
Promiſe a joyful crop,
The parched grounds look green again
And raiſe the reapers' hope.

LXV. Second part. Common ...

dence of God in air, earth, and sea, or, The ... of rain.

hy strength the mountains stand,
ternal pow'r!
grows calm at thy command,
npests cease to roar,
hy morning light and ev'ning shade
live comforts bring;
plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
flow'rs adorn the spring.
. Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
av'n, earth, and air, are thine;
hen clouds distil in fruitful show'rs
he Author is divine.
...nd'ring cisterns in the sky

v. Third part. Common Metre.

gs of the ſpring, or, *God gives rain*.

Pſalm for the huſbandman.

Lord, the heav'nly King,
the earth his care,
ſtures ev'ry ſpring,
e graſs appear.
louds like rivers rais'd on high
thy command
ry bleſſings from the ſky
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ſoften'd ridges of the field
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ies rich proviſion yield,
poor lab'rers ſing.
ne little hills on ev'ry ſide
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eadows dreſs'd in all their pride
ne the air with flow'rs.
The barren clods refreſh'd with rain
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parched grounds look green again
raiſe the reapers' hope.

of the MARTINS,
Jan. 5. 1782.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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to the Lord ye diſtant lands,
gs of immortal praiſe belong,
as I heard my Father ſay,
there 's a righteous God,
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Unſhaken as the ſacred hill,
Up from my youth may Iſrael ſay,
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Upward I lift mine eyes,

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We love the Lord, and we adore,
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Ye that delight to serve the Lord,
Ye that obey th' immortal King,
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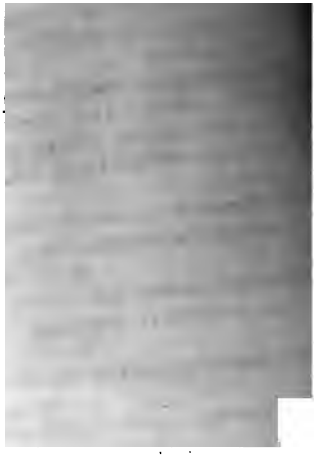

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that foul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe!——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his.

GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine.

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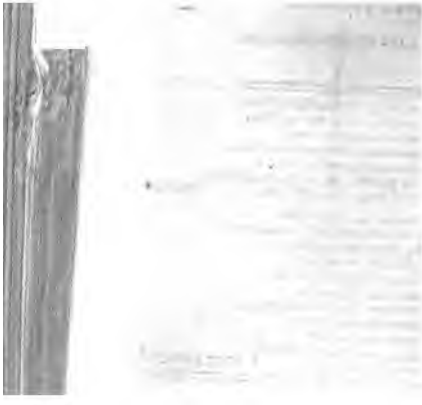


THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT,

And applied to

THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP,

WITH PREFACE, NOTES, INDEXES,

&c. &c &c.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Psalms concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.——*David, Samuel, and the Prophets, ver.* 40.——*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

Hail, new'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM LXVI. The first part.

Governing power and goodness, or, *Our grace tried by afflictions.*

SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise,
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.
2. Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."
[3. Come see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.
4. He made the ebbing channel dry
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy
And triumph in their God.]
5. He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6. O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe!
Ye ſaints fulfil his praiſe,
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways. 24

7. Lord thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine. 28

8. Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand. 32

PSALM LXVI. ver. 13,—20. Second part.

Praiſe to God for hearing prayer.

Now ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r
That heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour. 4

2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God and hear
The wonders he has done. 8

3. When on my head huge ſorrows fell
I ſought his heav'nly aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking ſoul from hell
And death's eternal ſhade. 12

4. If ſin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue
The Lord had ſhewn me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung. 16
5. But God (his name be ever bleſt!
Has ſet my ſpirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart 20

P

The nation's pro *ſe.*

SHINE mighty God
With beams of heav'nly grace,
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling face. 4
[2. Amidſt our iſle exalted high
Do thou our glory ſtand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the fav'rite land.] 8
3. When ſhall thy name from ſhore to ſhore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And diſtant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God? 12
4. Sing to the Lord ye diſtant lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn voice,
While Britiſh tongues exalt his praiſe
And Britiſh hearts rejoice. 16

mmands the
and in love.
th shall obey her Maker's will
d a full increase;
d will crown his chosen isle
uitfulness and peace.
od the Redeemer scatters round
icest favours here,
the creation's utmost bound
ee, adore, and fear *.

LM LXVIII. First part. Ver. 1,—6. 32,—35.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

r God arise in all his might
l put the troops of hell to flight,
smoke that sought to cloud the skies
fore the rising tempest flies.
... burning flames,

3. He rides and thunders thro' the ſky,
His name Jehovah ſounds on high;
Sing to his name ye ſons of grace,
Ye ſaints rejoice before his face. 12

4. The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs;
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge that 's juſt a Father kind. 16

5. He breaks the captive's heavy chain
And pris'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels that diſpute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill. 20

PAUSE.

6. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Crown him ye nations in your ſong;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearſe,
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe. 24

7. He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Iſrael are his mercies known,
Iſrael is his peculiar throne. 28

8. Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt,
He 's your defence, your joy, your reſt:
When terrours riſe and nations faint
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint. 32

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. Second part.

Chriſt's aſcenſion, and the gift of the Spirit.

LORD! when thou didſt aſcend on high
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate: 4

2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe. 8

3. How bright the triumph none can tell
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell
That thouſand ſouls had captive made
Were all in chains like captives led. 12

4. Rais'd by his Father to the throne
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again †. 16

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22. Third part.

Praiſe for temporal bleſſings, or, *Common and ſpecial mercies.*

WE bleſs the Lord, the juſt, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his bleſſings from the ſkies
And loads our days with rich ſupplies. 4

† The 17th and 18th verſes of this Pſalm are applied to the aſcenſion of Chriſt, *Eph.* iv. 8. and the promiſed Spirit was then *given* to men, *Acts* ii. 33.

2. He ſends the ſun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refreſh the thirſty earth again. 8
3. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath
And all our near eſcapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak and guards the ſtrong. 12
4. He makes the ſaint and ſinner prove
The common bleſſings of his love,
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endleſs joy or endleſs pains. 16
5. The Lord that bruis'd the ſerpent's head
On all the ſerpent's ſeed ſhall tread,
The ſtubborn ſinner's hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting wound. 20
6. But his right hand his ſaints ſhall raiſe
From the deep earth or deeper ſeas,
And bring them to his courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial love †. 24

PSALM LXIX. ver. 1,—14. Firſt part. Com. Metre.

The ſufferings of Chriſt for our ſalvation.

" SAVE me O God! the ſwelling floods
" Break in upon my ſoul;
" I ſink, and ſorrows o'er my head
" Like mighty waters roll. 4

† The verſes marked in the title afforded me ſeveral hints to form a divine ſong on the ſubject there expreſſed.

2. " I cry till all my voice be gone,
" In tears I waſte the day;
" My God! behold my longing eyes,
" And ſhorten thy delay. 8

3. " They hate my ſoul without a cauſe,
" And ſtill their number grows
" More than the hairs around my head,
" And mighty are my foes. 12

4. " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
" That men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe honours to thy law
" Which ſinners took away." 16

5. Thus in the great Meſſiah's name
The royal prophet mourns,
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief
And gives us joy by turns: 20

6. " Now ſhall the ſaints rejoice and find
" Salvation in my name,
" For I have borne their heavy load
" Of ſorrow, pain, and ſhame. 24

7. " Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
" And ſackcloth was my dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked ſouls
" A robe of righteouſneſs. 28

8. " Amongſt my brethren and the Jews
" I like a ſtranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile reproach to bring
" The Gentiles near to God. 32

9. "I came in ſinful mortals' ſtead
"To do my Father's will,
"Yet when I cleans'd my Father's houſe
"They ſcandaliz'd my zeal.
10. "My faſting and my holy groans
"Were made the drunkard's ſong,
"But God from his celeſtial throne
"Heard my complaining tongue.
11. "He ſav'd me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my ſoul be drown'd,
"He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking feet
"On well eſtabliſh'd ground.
12. "'Twas in a moſt accepted hour
"My pray'r aroſe on high,
"And for my ſake my God ſhall hear
"The dying ſinner's cry †."

PSALM LXIX. ver. 14,—21, 26, 29, 32. Second part. Common Metre.

The paſſion and exaltation of Chriſt.

Now let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleaſure ſing
The ſuff'rings of our great High Prieſt,
The ſorrows of our King.

† Stan. vii. I borrow the *robe of righteouſneſs* from Iſ. lxi. 10. to anſwer the *garment of ſackcloth*, ver. 11.

is heav'nly Father hears
perpetual cries.
ear me O Lord! and save thy Son,
le thy shining face;
hould thy fav'rite look like one
en of thy grace?
With rage they persecute the man
groans beneath thy wound,
e for a sacrifice I pour
life upon the ground.
" They tread my honour to the dust,
l laugh when I complain;
ir sharp insulting slanders add
sh anguish to my pain.
" All my reproach is known to thee,
he scandal and the shame;
eproach has broke my bleeding heart,
[illegible] my name.

9. "Shine into my diſtreſſed ſoul,
"Let thy compaſſions ſave,
"And tho' my fleſh ſink down to death
"Redeem it from the grave.
10. "I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown,
"And thy ſalvation O my God!
"Shall ſeat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. Third part. Common Me

Chriſt's obedience and death, or, *God glorified an*
ſaved.

FATHER! I ſing thy wondrous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name,
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2. His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke
And finiſh'd all thy will.
3. His dying groans his living ſongs
Shall better pleaſe my God
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
4. This ſhall his humble followers ſee
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee
And live for ever bleſt.

5. Let heav'n and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky
And join t' advance the praiſe.

6. Sion is thine moſt holy God!
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates,
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thy own Iſrael waits.

PSALM LXIX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Chriſt's paſſion and ſinners' ſalvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord;
Behold the riſing billows roll
To overwhelm his holy ſoul!

2. In long complaints he ſpends his breath,
While hoſts of hell and pow'rs of death
And all the ſons of malice join
To execute their curs'd deſign.

3. Yet gracious God! thy pow'r and love
Has made the curſe a bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful ſuff'rings of thy Son
Atton'd for ſins which we had done.

4. The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law reſtor'd,
His ſorrows made thy juſtice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5. O for his ſake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor ſhall our hope be turn'd to ſhame.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.
Long Metre.

Chriſt's ſufferings and zeal.

'Twas for thy ſake eternal God!
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy load
Of baſe reproach and ſore diſgrace,
And ſhame defil'd his ſacred face.

2. The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their ſin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

[3. "My Father's houſe," ſaid he, "was made
"A place for worſhip not for trade;"
Then ſcatt'ring all their gold and braſs
He ſcourg'd the merchants from the place.]

[4. Zeal for the temple of his God
Conſum'd his life expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

[5. His friends forſook his followers fled,
While foes and arms ſurround his head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous tongue,
And the falſe judge maintains the wrong.]

6. His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies;
They nail him to the ſhameful tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me. 24

[7. Wretches with hearts as hard as ſtones
Inſult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirſt with vinegar.] 28

8. But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour the vengeance on their head *. 32

PSALM LXXI. ver. 5,—9. Firſt part.

The aged ſaint's reflection and hope.

My God, my everlaſting hope!
I live upon thy truth,
Thine hands have held my childhood up
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth. 4

* In both the metres of this Pſalm I have applied it to the ſufferings of Chriſt, as The New Teſtament gives ſufficient reaſon by ſeveral citations of this Pſalm, from which places I have borrowed the particulars of his ſuffering for our ſins, his ſcourging the buyers and ſellers out of the temple, his crucifixion, &c.; but I have omitted the dreadful imprecations on his enemies, except what is inſerted in this laſt ſtanza in the way of a prediction or threatening.——Stanza v. The falſe judge is the high prieſt, not Pilate.

2. My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r
With all these limbs of mine,
And from my mother's painful hour
I 'ave been entirely thine.
3. Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain
I trust them to thy care.
4. Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise,
And round me let thy glories shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.
5. Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second part.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

My Saviour, my almighty Friend!
When I begin thy praise
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore,
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.

When I am fill'd with sore [illegible]
some surprising sin,
plead thy perfect righteousness,
I mention none but thine.
How will my lips rejoice to tell
e victories of my King!
y soul redeem'd from sin and hell
all thy salvation sing.
My tongue shall all the day proclaim
ly Saviour and my God,
is death has brought my foes to shame
and drown'd them in his blood.
Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
ll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

[illegible] of the Psalmist do not directly intend t
[illegible] and strength as

PSALM LXXI. ver. 17,—21. Third part.

The aged Chriſtian's prayer and ſong, or, *Old age, death, and the reſurrection.*

God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2. Wilt thou forſake my hoary hairs
And leave my fainting heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years
If God my ſtrength depart?

3. Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the ſurviving age,
And leave a favour of thy name
When I ſhall quit the ſtage.

4. The land of ſilence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may theſe poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5. Thy righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy deeds,
Thy glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all my praiſe exceeds.

At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8. When I lie bury'd deep in duſt
My fleſh ſhall be thy care;
Theſe with'ring limbs with thee I truſt
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair †.

PSALM LXXII. Firſt part.

The kingdom of Chriſt.

GREAT God! whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2. Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands

3. With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads th' oppreſſor in the duſt:
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt
Till hours, and years, and time, be paſt.
4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtils
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.
5. The Heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſerts bloſſom at the ſight.
6. The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days
Dreſs'd in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second part.

Chriſt's kingdom among the Gentiles.

JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run,
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.
[2. Behold the iſlands with their kings
And Europe her beſt tribute brings;
From north to ſouth the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

Whilst thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were l
And he awakes in hell.

9. Lord, what an envious fo
How like a thoughtleſs beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd g
And think the wicked bleſt.

10. Yet was I kept from full
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That bleſſed hand that broke th
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 23,—2
Common Metr

God our portion here and

PSALM LXXIII. First part. Common Metre.

Afflicted saints happy and prosperous, sinners cursed.

Now I 'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd
And border'd on despair.

2. I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
" How pleasant and profane they live,
" How peaceful is their death!

3. " With wellfed flesh and haughty eyes
" They lay their fears to sleep,
" Against the heav'ns their slanders rise
" While saints in silence weep.

4. " In vain I lift my hands to pray
" And cleanse my heart in vain,
" For I am chasten'd all the day,
" The night renews my pain."

5. Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints
I felt my heart reprove;
" Sure I shall thus offend thy saints
" And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word
And learn thy secrets there.

7. There as in ſome prophetick glaſs
I ſaw the ſinner's feet
High mounted on a ſlipp'ry place
Beſide a fiery pit. 28

8. I heard the wretch profanely boaſt
'Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were loſt,
And he awakes in hell. 32

9. Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd grace
And think the wicked bleſt. 36

10. Yet was I kept from full deſpair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That bleſſed hand that broke the ſnare
Shall guide me to thy throne. 40

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 23,—28. Second part.
Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

God! my ſupporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When ſinking in deſpair. 4

2. Thy counſels Lord! ſhall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderneſs,
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat
To dwell before thy face. 8

[3. Pamper'd with wanton eaſe
Their fleſh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing ſeas
And grows without their care.
4. Free from the plagues and pains
That pious ſouls endure,
Thro' all their life oppreſſion reigns
And racks the humble poor.
5. Their impious t
The everlaſting God
Their malice blaſts th
And ſpreads their lie
6. But I with flow
Indulg'd my doubts t.
"Is there a God that ſees or hears
"The things below the ſkies?"]
7. The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard ſuſpenſe,
Till to thy houſe my feet were brought
To learn thy juſtice thence.
8. Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my miſtakes amend;
I view'd the ſinners' life before,
But here I learn'd their end.
9. On what a ſlipp'ry ſteep
The thoughtleſs wretches go!
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

my God my portion
all my pow'rs are thine ‡.

PSALM LXXIV.

The church pleading with God under fore perſecution.

1. WILL God for ever caſt us off,
His wrath for ever ſmoke
Againſt the people of his love,
His little choſen flock?

2. Think of the tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood,
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory flood.

3. Lift up thy feet and march in haſte,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waſte
within thy walls!
ray'd and ſang

[3. Pamper'd with wanton eaſe
Their fleſh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing ſeas
And grows without their care.
4. Free from the plagues and pains
That pious ſouls endure,
Thro' all their life oppreſſion reigns
And racks the humble poor.
5. Their impious tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting God,
Their malice blaſts the good man's name
And ſpreads their lies abroad.
6. But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to riſe,
"Is there a God that ſees or hears
"The things below the ſkies?"]
7. The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard ſuſpenſe,
Till to thy houſe my feet were brought
To learn thy juſtice thence.
8. Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my miſtakes amend;
I view'd the ſinners' life before,
But here I learn'd their end.
9. On what a ſlipp'ry ſteep
The thoughtleſs wretches go!
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10. Lord! at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine ‡. 40

PSALM LXXIV.

The church pleading with God under sore persecutions.

WILL God for ever cast us off,
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock? 4

2. Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood,
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood. 8

3. Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls! 12

4. Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely roar,
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r! 16

‡ This Psalm is a most noble composure, the design and model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable pattern for a poet to copy, but it being one single scheme of thought I was obliged to contract it that it might be sung at once, though the dignity and beauty of the ode suffers much by this means.

5. How are the ſeats of worſhip broke!
They tear thy buildings down,
And he that deals the heavieſt ſtroke
Procures the chief renown.

6. With flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy children in their neſt;
"Come let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the prieſt."

7. And ſtill to heighten our diſtreſs
Thy preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted ſigns of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8. No prophet ſpeaks to calm our woes,
But all the ſeers mourn;
There 's not a ſoul amongſt us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9. How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaſpheme?
Shall ſaints be made their endleſs ſong,
And bear immortal ſhame?

10. Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd,
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thine hand?

11. What ſtrange deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12. Thou didſt divide the raging ſea
By thy reſiſtleſs might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then ſecure their flight. 48

13. Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkneſs and the day?
Didſt not thou bid the morning ſhine
And mark the ſun his way? 52

14. Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coaſt,
And ſet the earth its bounds,
With ſummer's heat and winter's froſt
In their perpetual rounds? 56

15. And ſhall the ſons of earth and duſt
That ſacred Pow'r blaſpheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them firſt
Avenge thine injur'd name? 60

16. Think on the cov'nant thou haſt made
And all thy words of love,
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove. 64

17. Our foes would triumph in our blood
And make our hope their jeſt;
Plead thy own cauſe almighty God!
And give thy children reſt. 68

PSALM LXXV.

Power and government from God alone.

Applied to the glorious revolution by King William, or the happy accession of King George to the throne.

To Thee moſt holy and moſt high!
To thee we bring our thankful praiſe;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2. Britain was doom'd to be a ſlave,
Her frame diſſolv'd, her fears were great,
When God a new ſupporter gave
To bear the pillars of the ſtate.

3. He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And ſware to rule by wholeſome laws;
His foot ſhall tread th' oppreſſor down,
His arm defend the righteous cauſe.

4 Let haughty ſinners ſink their pride,
Nor liſt ſo high their ſcornful head,
But lay their fooliſh thoughts aſide,
And own the king that God hath made.

5. Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6. No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Will riſe and make his juſtice known. 24

[7. His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taſte the bitter dregs. 28

8. Now ſhall the Lord exalt the juſt,
And while he tramples on the proud
And lays their glory in the duſt
My lips ſhall ſing his praiſe aloud.] 32

PSALM LXXVI.

Iſrael ſaved, and the Aſſyrians deſtroyed, or, *God's vengeance againſt his enemies proceeds from his church.*

In Judah God of old was known,
His name in Iſrael great,
In Salem ſtood his holy throne,
And Sion was his ſeat. 4

2. Among the praiſes of his ſaints
His dwelling there he choſe,
There he receiv'd their juſt complaints
Againſt their haughty foes. 8

3. From Sion went his dreadful word
And broke the threat'ning ſpear,
The bow, the arrows, and the ſword,
And cruſh'd th' Aſſyrian war. 12

4. What are the earth's wide kingdoms elſe
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they. 16

5. 'Twas Sion's King that ſtopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might ſlept faſt in death
And never found their hands. 20

6. At thy rebuke O Jacob's God!
Both horſe and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrours of thy rod,
Thy vengeance who can tell? 24

7. What pow'r can ſtand before thy ſight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n ſhines round with dreadful light
The earth lies ſtill and fears. 28

8. When God in his own ſov'reign ways
Comes down to ſave th' oppreſt
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
And he 'll reſtrain the reſt. 32

[9. Vow to the Lord and tribute bring;
Ye princes fear his frown;
His terrour ſhakes the proudeſt king
And cuts an army down. 36

10. The thunder of his ſharp rebuke
Our haughty foes ſhall feel,
For Jacob's God hath not forſook,
But dwells in Sion ſtill.] 40

PSALM LXXVII. First part.

Melancholy assaulting and hope prevailing.

To God I cry'd, with mournful voice
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose
And fill'd the night with fear.

2. Sad were my days and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3. Still I complain'd, and still oppress
My heart began to break;
My God! thy wrath forbid my rest
And kept my eyes awake.

4. My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more,
Then I within myself withdrew
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5. I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6. I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His face appear no more?

7. Will he for ever caſt me off?
His promiſe ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger ſtill prevail? 28
8. But I forbid this hopeleſs thought,
This dark deſpairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame. 32
9. I 'll think again of all thy ways
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When fleſh could help no more. 36
10. Grace dwells with juſtice on the throne,
And men that love thy word
Have in thy ſanctuary known
The counſels of the Lord. 40

PSALM LXXVII. Second part.

Comfort derived from ancient providences, or, *Iſrael delivered from Egypt and brought to Canaan.*

" How awful is thy chaſt'ning rod?
" (May thy own children ſay)
" The great, the wiſe, the dreadful, God!
" How holy is his way!" 4
2. I 'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above
I 'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to truſt his love. 8

3. Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's power oppreſt,
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people reſt. 12

4. The ſons of good old Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their foes,
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he choſe. 16

5. Iſrael his people and his ſheep
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bids them venture thro' the deep
And made the waves their walls. 20

6. The waters ſaw thee mighty God,
The waters ſaw thee come,
Backward they fled and frighted flood
To make thine armies room. 24

7. Strange was thy journey thro' the ſea,
Thy footſteps Lord unknown,
Terrours attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down. 28

8. Thy voice with terrour in the ſound
Thro' clouds and darkneſs broke,
All heav'n in lightning ſhone around,
And earth with thunder ſhook. 32

9. Thine arrows thro' the ſkies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surpriſe and trembling ſeiz'd the world,
And his own ſaints ador'd. 36

7. Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand:
"Can he with bread our host supply
"Amidst this desert land?" 28
8. The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrours ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name. 32

PSALM L

The punishment of luxury and [illegible], *Chastisement and salvation.*

When Israel sins the [illegible]
And fills their hearts [illegible]
Yet he forgives the men he loves
And sends them heav'nly bread. 4
2. He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known,
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down. 8
3. The manna like a morning show'r
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n so light so pure
As tho' 't were angels' meat. 12
4. But they in murm'ring language said
"Manna is all our feast,
"We loathe this light this airy bread,
"We must have flesh to taste." 15

PSALM LXXVIII. Second part.

Iſrael's rebellion and puniſhment, or, *The ſins and chaſtiſements of God's people.*

O What a ſtiff rebellious houſe
Was Jacob's ancient race!
Falſe to their own moſt ſolemn vows
And to their Maker's grace! 4
2. They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws deſpiſe,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes! 8
3. They ſaw the plagues on Egypt light
From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the ſtubborn land! 12
4. They ſaw him cleave the mighty ſea,
And march'd in ſafety thro',
With wat'ry walls to guard their way
Till they had 'ſcap'd the foe. 16
5. A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of ſhade and light;
By day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night. 20
6. He from the rock their thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their ſide,
A conſtant miracle. 24

Yet they provok'd the Lord moſt high,
lar'd diſtruſt his hand:
i he with bread our hoſt ſupply
idſt this deſert land?"
The Lord with indignation heard,
aus'd his wrath to flame;
rrours ever ſtand prepar'd
ndicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third part.

niſhment of luxury and intemperance, or, *Chriſtſe-t and ſalvation.*

N Iſrael ſins the Lord reproves
ills their hearts with dread,
: forgives the men he loves
ends them heav'nly bread.
He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
nade his treaſures known,
ve the midnight clouds command
ur proviſion down.
The manna like a morning ſhow'r
nick around their feet;
orn of heav'n ſo light ſo pure
)' 't were angels' meat.
But they in murm'ring language ſaid
ına is all our feaſt,
loathe this light this airy bread,
muſt have fleſh to taſte."

5. "Ye ſhall have fleſh to pleaſe your luſt,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And ſent them quails like ſand or duſt
Heap'd up from ſide to ſide. 20

6. He gave them all their own deſire,
And greedy as they fed
His vengeance burnt with ſecret fire
And ſmote the rebels dead. 24

7. When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
And ſought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their fears. 28

8. Oft' he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he reſolv'd to ſave
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd land. 32

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32. &c. Fourth part.

Backſliding and forgiveneſs, or, *Sin puniſhed, and ſaints ſaved.*

GREAT God! how oft' did Iſrael prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There in a glaſs our hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be. 4

2. How ſoon the faithleſs Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r nor truſt his grace. 8

3. The Lord conſum'd their years in pain
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro' unknown ways
Wore out their ſtrength and ſpent their days. 12
4. Oft' when they ſaw their brethren ſlain
They mourn'd and fought the Lord again,
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God. 16
5. Their pray'rs and vows before him riſe
As flatt'ring words or ſolemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
Falſe to his cov'nant and his love. 20
6. Yet did his ſov'reign grace forgive
The men who not deſerv'd to live;
His anger oft' away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle flame it burn'd. 24
7. He ſaw their fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw temptation ſtill prevail:
The God of Abra'm lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy hill. 28

PSALM LXXX.

The church's prayer under affliction, or, *The vineyard of God waſted.*

GREAT Shepherd of thine Iſrael
Who didſt between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy choſen ſheep,
Safe thro' the deſert and the deep.

2. Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more. 8

3. Great God! whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn? 12

4. Instead of wine and cheerful bread
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more. 16

PAUSE THE FIRST.

5. Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in Heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground? 20

6. How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit?
But now dear Lord look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree. 24

7. Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine. 28

8. Return almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more. 34

PAUSE THE SECOND.

9. Lord! when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wert its ſtrength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes
Till the fair Branch of promiſe roſe.
10. Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From David's ſtock, from Jacob's root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer branches of the Tree.
11. 'Tis thy own Son; and he ſhall ſtand,
Girt with thy ſtrength, at thy right hand;
Thy firſt-born Son, adorn'd and bleſs'd
With pow'r and grace above the reſt.
12. O! for his ſake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches leſt they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be fav'd and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

The warnings of God to his people, or, *Spiritual bleſſings and puniſhments.*

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe;
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God;
Let Iſrael hear his voice.

2. " From vile idolatry
" Preſerve my worſhip clean;
" I am the Lord who ſet thee free
" From ſlavery and ſin. 8
3. " Stretch thy deſires abroad
" And I 'll ſupply them well;
" But if ye will refuſe your God,
" If Iſrael will rebel, 12
4. " I 'll leave them" ſaith the Lord
" To their own luſts a prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous road,
" 'Tis their own choſen way. 16
5. " Yet O! that all my ſaints
" Would hearken to my voice!
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore complaints
" And bid their hearts rejoice. 20
6. " While I deſtroy their foes
" I 'd richly feed my flock,
" And they ſhould taſte the ſtream that flows
" From their eternal Rock." 24

PSALM LXXXII.

God the ſupreme Governour, or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

AMONG th' aſſemblies of the great
A greater Ruler takes his ſeat;
The God of heav'n as Judge ſurveys
Thoſe gods on earth and all their ways. 4

2. Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cauſe?
When will ye once defend the poor
That ſinners vex the ſaints no more? 8

3. They know not Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like men. 12

4. Arife O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge and he our God †. 16

PSALM LXXXIII.

A complaint againſt perſecutors.

And will the God of grace
Perpetual ſilence keep?
The God of juſtice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance ſleep? 4

2. Behold what curſed ſnares
The men of miſchief ſpread;
The men that hate thy ſaints and thee
Lift up their threat'ning head. 8

† The laſt verſe of this Pſalm may not improperly be applied to Chriſt, for he is that God that muſt judge the earth, *Pſalm* xcvi, and xcviii. and have the "nations for his inheritance," *Pſal.* ii. 8.

3. Againſt thy hidden ones
Their counſels they employ,
And malice with her watchful eye
Purſues them to deſtroy. 12

4. The noble and the baſe
Into thy paſtures leap;
The lion and the ſtupid aſs
Conſpire to vex thy ſheep. 16

5. "Come let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of ſaints remain,
"Nor mem'ry ſhall be found." 20

6. Awake almighty God
And call thy wrath to mind,
Give them like foreſts to the fire
Or ſtubble to the wind. 24

7. Convince their madneſs Lord,
And make them ſeek thy name,
Or elſe their ſtubborn rage confound
That they may die in ſhame. 28

8. Then ſhall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the ſov'reign Lord. 32

PSALM LXXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

The pleasure of publick worship.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints. 4

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee? 8

3. The sparrow chases where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want? 12

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love. 16

5. Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise. 20

6. Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing ſtrength
Till all ſhall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there. 28

PSALM LXXXIV. Second part. Long Metre.

God and his church, or, *Grace and glory*.

GREAT God! attend while Sion ſings
The joy that from thy preſence ſprings:
To ſpend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth. 4

2. Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thine houſe, O God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door. 8

3. God is our ſun, he makes our day,
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without and foes within. 12

4. All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too!
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls. 16

5. O God our King, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The glorious hoſts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy preſence flee,
Bleſs'd is the man that truſts in thee. 20

PSALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. paraphrased.
Common Metre.

Delight in ordinances of worship, or, *God present in his churches.*

My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face
Tho' in his earthly courts. 4

2. There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays. 8

3. With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love
And sheds abroad his grace. 12

4. There mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will,
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still. 16

PAUSE.

5. My heart and flesh cry out for thee
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God? 20

6. The ſparrow builds herſelf a neſt
And ſuffers no remove,
O make me like the ſparrows bleſt
To dwell but where I love.

7. To ſit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8. Lord! at thy threſhold I would wait
While Jeſus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of ſtate,
Or live in tents of ſin.

9. Could I command the ſpacious land
And the more boundleſs ſea,
For one bleſt hour at thy right hand
I 'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. as the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the houſe of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires
With warm deſires
To ſee my God.

2. The ſparrow for her young
With pleaſure ſeeks a neſt,
And wand'ring ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt:
My ſpirit faints
With equal zeal
To riſe and dwell
Among thy ſaints.

3. O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

4. They go from ſtrength to ſtrength
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious ſeat
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5. To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:

Our right and our defence,
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7. The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts!
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

2. Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy ſalvation be complete. 8

3. Revive our dying graces Lord!
And let thy ſaints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praiſe to tune our voice. 12

4. We wait to hear what God will ſay,
He 'll ſpeak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more aſtray
Leſt his returning wrath increaſe. 16

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. Second part.

Salvation by Chriſt.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord!
And grace deſcending from on high
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford. 4

2. Mercy and truth on earth are met
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heav'n!
By his obedience ſo complete
Juſtice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n. 8

3. Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign. 12

is righteo[illegible]
ve us free access to G[illegible]
wand'ring feet shall stray no m[illegible]
mark his steps and keep the road †.

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8,—13.

A general song of praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine,
Nor is their nature mighty Lord!
Nor are their works like thine.

2. The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne,
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3. Lord I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
[illegible] or scatter'd thoughts unite
[illegible] praise.
[illegible] my tong[illegible]

PSALM LXXXVII.

The church the birthplace of the saints, or, *Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.
2. His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pays their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
3. What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
4. Egypt and Tyre, and Greek, and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
5. When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one newborn or nourish'd there †!

† I have explained the second verse at large, and transposed the last: for singers and players on instruments I have introduced angels with men.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The covenant made with Christ, or, The true David.

For ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heav'n established by his hand.

2. Thus to his Son he swore and said
"With thee my covenant first is made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live,
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3. "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
"Thy children shall be ever blest;
"Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal like my own.

4. "There 's none of all my sons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5. "David my servant, whom I chose
"To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a shadow of my Son."

6. Now let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Common Metre.

The faithfulneſs of God.

My never-ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord,
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word. 4

2. The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure,
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once
Th' eternal grace is ſure. 8

3. How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!
But there 's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son. 12

4. His ſeed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe. 16

5. Lord God of hoſts thy wondrous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above,
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thy unchanging love. 20

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.

The power and majesty of God, or, Reverential worship.

With rev'rence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear
And tremble at his word. 4

2. How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee
Or truth compar'd to thine? 8

3. The northern pole and southern part
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command. 12

4. Thy words the raging wind control
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the flagging billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep. 16

5. Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel! 20

6. Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace,
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face ‡. 24

‡ I have here transposed the verses a little to make the connexion plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c. Third part.

A blessed gospel.

BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound,
Peace shall attend the path they go
And light their steps surround. 4

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's name,
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn. 8

3. The Lord our glory and defence
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives. 12

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 19, &c. Fourth part.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom, or, *His divine and human nature.*

HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known;
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my almighty Son. 4

2. Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race,
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The spirit of my grace. 8

3. High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king,
My arm shall beat his rivals down
And still new subjects bring.

4. My truth shall guard him in the way
With mercy by his side;
While in my name thro' earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.

5. Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
And I 'll support my Son.

6. My first-born Son array'd in grace
At my right hand shall stand;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

7. My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong,
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 30, &c. Fifth part.

The covenant of grace unchangeable, or, Afflictions without rejection.

Yet (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down,

2. Their ſins I 'll viſit with the rod,
And make their folly ſmart,
But I 'll not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart. 8

3. My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind,
And what eternal love hath ſpoke
Eternal truth ſhall bind. 12

4. Once have I ſwor n, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holin ſs,
To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
To David and his race. 16

5. The ſun ſhall ſee his offſpring riſe,
And ſpread from ſea to ſea,
Long as he travels round the ſkies
To give the nations day. 20

6. Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom ſhall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
Shall be obſerv'd no more. 24

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Sixth part. Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A funeral Pſalm.

REMEMBER Lord our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life, how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death? 4

With mercy by his ſide,
While in my name thro' earth
He ſhall in triumph ride.

5. Me for his Father and his
He ſhall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Ab
And I 'll ſupport my Son.

6. My firſt-born Son array'd
At my right hand ſhall ſit,
Beneath him angels know their
And monarchs at his feet.

7. My cov'nant ſtands for eve
My promiſes are ſtrong,
Firm as the heav'ns his throne ſha
His ſeed endure as long.

2. Their ſins I 'll viſit with the r
And make their folly ſmart,
But I 'll not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3. My cov'nant I will ne'er revok
But keep my grace in mind,
And what eternal love hath ſpoke
Eternal truth ſhall bind.

4. Once have I ſw (I nee
And pledg'd my hol
To ſeal the ſacred pr ure
To David and his rac

5. The ſun ſhall ſee ring riſe,
And ſpread from ſea t
Long as he travels round the ſkies
To give the nations day.

6. Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom ſhall endure;
Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
Shall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Sixth part. Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A funeral Pſalm.

REMEMBER Lord our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life, how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Free from diſeaſe, ſecure from death?

2. Lord! while we see whole nations die
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?" 8
3. Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise. 12
4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake our souls and bless the Lord. 16

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Last part.
As the 113th Psalm.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

THINK, mighty God! on feeble man
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly or pow'r to save? 6
2. Lord! shall it be for ever said
"The race of man was only made
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
Lord! where's thy kindness to the just? 12

3. Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his ſeed a heav'nly crown?
But fleſh and ſenſe indulge deſpair:
For ever bleſſed be the Lord
That faith can read [illegible] ord,
And find a reſurrec[illegible] 18
4. For ever bleſſe[illegible] the Lord
Who gives his ſaint[illegible] ong reward
For all their toil, re[illegible] ach and pain:
Let all below and a[illegible] bove
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen. 24

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal and God eternal.

A mournful ſong at a funeral.

THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God!
Thou art our reſt our ſafe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footſtool laid. 4
2. Long hadſt thou reign'd ere time began,
Or duſt was faſhion'd to a man,
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure
When earth and time ſhall be no more. 8
3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful ſentence Lord was juſt,
"Return ye ſinners to your duſt." 12

houſand of
o a day in thine accou
eſterday's departed light,
laſt watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

. Death like an overflowing ſtream
eeps us away; our life 's a dream,
n empty tale, a morning flow'r,
ut down and wither'd in an hour.]

[6. Our age to ſeventy years is ſet;
How ſhort the term, how frail the ſtate!
And if to eighty we arrive
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7. But O! how oft' thy wrath appears
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread,
We fear the pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]
. Teach us O Lord! how frail is man,
ngthen out our ſpan

2. Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure. 8

3. Before the hills in order ſtood
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame. 12

4. Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return ye ſons of men:"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt
And turn to earth again. 16

5. A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an ev'ning gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun. 20

[6. The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood
With all their lives and cares
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood
And loſt in following years. 24

7. Time like an everrolling ſtream
Bears all its ſons away,
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day. 28

8. Like flow'ry fields the nations ſtand
Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 't is night.] 32

9. Our God our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
And our eternal home. 36

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. Second part.
Common Metre.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of ſin, or, *Life, old age, and preparation for death.*

LORD! if thine eyes ſurvey our faults
And juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts
And burns beyond our fear. 4

2. Thine anger turns our frame to duſt;
By one offence to thee
Adam with all his ſons have loſt
Their immortality. 8

3. Life like a vain amuſement flies,
A fable or a ſong,
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long. 12

4. 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten,
And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain. 16

[5. Our vitals with laborious ſtrife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
Along the tireſome road.] 20

6. Almighty God! reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone,
O let our ſweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne. 24

7. Our ſouls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part
And live beyond the grave. 28

PSALM XC. ver. 13, &c. Third part. Com. Metre.

Breathing after heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tireſome place:
How long ſhall we thy children mourn
Our abſence from thy face? 4

2. Let heav'n ſucceed our painful years,
Let ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increaſe. 8

3. Thy wonders to thy ſervants ſhow,
Make thy own work complete,
Then ſhall our ſouls thy glory know
And own thy love was great. 12

4. Then ſhall we ſhine before thy throne
In all thy beauty Lord,
And the poor ſervice we have done
Meet a divine reward. 16

RD! what a feeble piece
his our mortal frame?
r life how poor a trifle 't is
hat scarce deserves the name!

2. Alas! the brittle clay
hat built our body first!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4. Well if our days must fly
We 'll keep their end in sight,
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way
And let them speed their flight.

... sooner o'er

PSALM XCI. ver. 1,—7. First part.

Safety in publick diseases and dangers.

He that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
2. Then will I say, "My God thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I that am form'd of feeble dust
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."
3. Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan the fowler who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
4. Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
5. If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.
6. If vapours with malignant breath
Raise thick and scatter midnight death
Israel is safe; the poison'd air
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7. What tho' a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead amidſt the graves. 28

8. So when he ſent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſs'd all the doors of Jacob by. 32

9. But if the fire, or plague, or ſword,
Receive commiſſion from the Lord
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſt. 36

10. The ſword, the peſtilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire,
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children Lord to thee †. 40

PSALM XCI. ver. 9,—16. Second part.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory, and deliverance.

YE ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and truſt his care. 4

† See the Notes on the xlix Pſalm.

2. No ill ſhall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And ſweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raiſe his ſaints on high 8

3. He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways,
To watch your pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy days. 12

4. Their hands ſhall bear you leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the ſtones:
Are they not ſervants at his call,
And ſent t' attend his ſons? 16

5. Adders and lions ye ſhall tread,
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the ſerpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet. 20

6. " Becauſe on me they ſet their love
" I 'll ſave them, (ſaith the Lord)
" I 'll bear their joyful ſouls above
" Deſtruction and the ſword. 24

7. " My grace ſhall anſwer when they call,
" In trouble I 'll be nigh,
" My pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
" And raiſe them when they die. 28

8. " Thoſe that on earth my name have known
" I 'll honour them in heav'n;
" There my ſalvation ſhall be ſhown
" And endleſs life be giv'n." 32

PSALM XCIII. First Metre, as the 100th Pſalm.

The eternal and ſovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majeſty and might;
The world created by his hands
Still on its firſt foundation ſtands.
2. But ere this ſpacious world was made,
Or had its firſt foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the everliving God.
3. Like floods the angry nations riſe
And aim their rage againſt the ſkies;
Vain floods that aim their rage ſo high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
4. For ever ſhall thy throne endure,
Thy promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And everlaſting holineſs
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre, as the old 50th Pſalm.

THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty:
This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word and 'ſtabliſh'd by his hand;
Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2. God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
Raiſe their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the ſtorms, in vain the floods, ariſe
And roar, and toſs their waves againſt the ſkies;
Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'n's high arches ſcorn the ſwelling ocean. 12

3. Ye tempeſts rage no more, ye floods be ſtill,
And the mad world ſubmiſſive to his will;
Built on his truth his church muſt ever ſtand,
Firm are his promiſes and ſtrong his hand:
See his own ſons when they appear before him
Bow at his footſtool and with fear adore him. 18

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre, as the old 122d Pſalm.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around. 6

2. Upheld by thy commands
The world ſecurely ſtands,
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the ſtarry ſky;
Eternal is thy kingdom Lord! 12

[illegible] angry spite
[illegible] nations fight, 18
[illegible] like waves against the shore.
[illegible] floods and nations rage,
[illegible] their pow'rs engage.
[illegible] tides assault the sky,
[illegible] of thy frown
[illegible] their madness down; 24
[illegible] for ever stands on high.
[illegible] premises are true,
[illegible] grace is ever new,
[illegible] fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;
[illegible] laints with holy fear
[illegible] in thy courts appear 30
[illegible] thine everlasting love†.

[illegible] XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7,—14. First part.

[illegible] *sinners destroyed*, or, *Instructive a*

2. They ſay "The Lord nor ſees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wiſe?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind who made their eyes? 8

3. He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they ſhall feel his pow'r,
His wrath ſhall pierce their ſouls with pain
In ſome ſurpriſing hour. 12

4. But if thy ſaints deſerve rebuke
Thou haſt a gentler rod,
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God. 16

5. Bleſt is the man thy hands chaſtiſe
And to his duty draw,
Thy ſcourges make thy children wiſe
When they forget thy law. 20

6. But God will ne'er caſt off his ſaints
Nor his own promiſe break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's ſake. 24

PSALM XCIV. ver. 16,—23. Second part.

God our ſupport and comfort, or, *Deliverance from temptation and perſecution.*

WHO will ariſe and plead my right
Againſt my num'rous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite
And all my hopes oppoſe?

2. Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Suſtain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in ſilence dwelt,
My ſoul amongſt the dead. 8

3. Alas! my ſliding feet, I cry'd,
Thy promiſe was my prop,
Thy grace ſtood conſtant by my ſide,
Thy Spirit bore me up. 12

4. While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my boſom roll,
Thy boundleſs love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my ſoul. 16

5. Pow'rs of iniquity may riſe
And frame pernicious laws,
But God my refuge rules the ſkies,
He will defend my cauſe. 20

6. Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blaſphemers ſcoff,
The Lord our God ſhall judge the proud
And cut the ſinners off. 24

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Pſalm before prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme
Exalted be our voice. 4

2. With thanks approach his awful fi
And pſalms of honour ſing,
The Lord 's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King. 8

3. Let princes hear let angels know
How mean their natures ſeem,
Thoſe gods on high and gods below
When once compar'd with him. 12

4. Earth with its
Lies in his ſpacious h
He fix'd the ſeas wh
And where the hills 16

5. Come and with
Come kneel before h
O may the creatures of his
Be children of his grace! 20

6. Now is the time; he bends his ear
And waits for your requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath and ſwear
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt *." 24

* Stanza iii. Angels and magiſtrates are thoſe אלהים *Elohim* or gods, above which the true God is ſo often exalted in this book of Pſalms.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Pſalm before ſermon.

COME found his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing,
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the ſeas their bound,
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3. Come worſhip at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord,
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod,
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,

6. The Lord in vengeance dreſt
Will lift his hand and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd reſt
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 6,—11. Long Metre.

Canaan loſt thro' unbelief, or, A warning to delaying ſinners.

COME let our voices join to raiſe
A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe;
God is a ſov'reign King; rehearſe
His honours in exalted verſe.

2. Come let our ſouls addreſs the Lord
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the ſheep
His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.

3. Come let us hear his voice to-day,
The counſels of his love obey,
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The ſins and plagues that Iſrael knew.

4. Iſrael that ſaw his works of grace,
Yet tempt'd their Maker to his face,
A faithleſs unbelieving brood
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5. Thus ſaith the Lord, "How falſe they prove!
"Forget my pow'r, abuſe my love;
"Since they deſpiſe my reſt I ſwear
"Their feet ſhall never enter there."

6. Look back my ſoul with holy dread
And view thoſe ancient rebels dead?
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſing by delay.

7. Seize the kind promiſe while it waits,
And march to Sion's heav'nly gates;
Believe and take the promis'd reſt,
Obey and be for ever bleſt †.] 28

PSALM XCVI. ver. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Chriſt's firſt and ſecond coming.

SING to the Lord ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue,
His new diſcover'd grace demands
A new and nobler ſong. 4

2. Say to the nations Jeſus reigns,
God's own almighty Son,
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne. 8

3. Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy thro' the earth be ſeen,
Let cities ſhine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green. 12

4. Let an unuſual joy ſurpriſe
The iſlands of the ſea,
Ye mountains ſink, ye vallies riſe,
Prepare the Lord his way. 16

† In the iiid and ivth chapter to the Hebrews ſeveral verſes of this Pſalm are cited, and given for a caution to Chriſtians; I have applied them the ſame way in the two laſt ſtanzas.

[redacted]

5. Behold he comes, he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God,
To ſhow the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.
6. But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear†?

PSALM XCVI. as the 113th Pſalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raiſe
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's name;
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

† In this and the two following Pſalms the firſt coming of Chriſt into the world is repreſented in a prophetick ſtyle as though he were coming the ſecond time to the laſt judgment; but that Chriſt's incarnation, his ſetting up his goſpel kingdom to judge or rule the Gentiles, and the judgment and deſtruction of the Heathen idols, is the true deſign of theſe three Pſalms, is evident from ſeveral expreſſions in them, and particularly becauſe the earth, the fields, the ſea, &c. are called to rejoice; whereas the final judgment of the world is repreſented dreadful to all nature, and to the nations of the earth. See Rev. xvii. and xx. 11 and 2 Pet. iii. 7, 10. Yet ſince this laſt coming hath ſomething in it parallel to his firſt, I have in the different parts of the Pſalms referred to both —— Stan. iv.

2. The Heathens know thy glory Lord!
The wond'ring nations read thy word.
In Britain is Jehovah known;
Our worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone. 12

3. He fram'd the globe, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majeſty and light,
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair! 18

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall feel his ſaving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name!
Then ſhall the race of man confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim. 24

PSALM XCVII. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.

Chriſt reigning in heaven and coming to judgment.

He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelick ſtrains;
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice. 4

Mountains ſinking and vallies riſing, that is, pride humbled, and the humble raiſed, are preparations of Chriſt's kingdom, *Luke* iii. 4, 5.

2. Deep are his counſels and unknown,
But grace and truth ſupport his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way ſurround
Juſtice is their eternal ground. 8

3. In robes of judgment lo he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs!
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire. 12

4. His enemies with ſore diſmay
Fly from the ſight and ſhun the day;
Then lift your heads ye ſaints on high,
And ſing, for your redemption 's nigh†. 16

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6,—9. Second part.

Chriſt's incarnation.

THE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth, the nations learn his name;
An unknown ſtar directs the road
Of eaſtern ſages to their God. 4

2. All ye bright armies of the ſkies
Go worſhip where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Thoſe gods on high and gods below. 8

† Though the kingdom of Chriſt in the two firſt ſtanzas be matter of joy to all nations, yet his coming to judgment in the two laſt is joy only to the ſaints. As this Pſalm introduces Sion and Judah rejoicing, ver. 8. ſo Chriſt bids his apoſtles *lift up their heads*, &c. Luke xxi. 28.

3. Let idols totter to the ground
And their own worſhippers confound;
But Judah ſhout, but Sion ſing,
And earth confeſs her ſov'reign King†. 12

PSALM XCVII. Third part.
Grace and glory.

Th' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth o'er all the ſky,
Tho' clouds and darkneſs veil his feet
His dwelling is the mercy-ſeat. 4

2. O ye that love his holy name
Hate ev'ry work of ſin and ſhame;
He guards the ſouls of all his friends,
And from the ſnares of hell defends. 8

3. Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the ſaints in darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes. 12

4. Rejoice ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs. 16

† This Pſalm foretels the incarnation of Chriſt; for the words of the 7th verſe, *worſhip him all ye gods*, are tranſlated, *Heb.* i. 6. *Let all the angels of God worſhip him.* By this divine hint I was directed to compoſe this hymn, and to introduce the ſtar that ſhone at his birth as a part of the proclamation of him in the heavens, ver. 6. See more, Notes on Pſal. xcv. common metre.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 1, 3, 5,—7, 11. Com. Metre.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

Ye islands of the northern sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
His word like fire prepares his way
And mountains melt to plains. 4

2. His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise,
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies. 8

3. The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim,
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame
And totter to the ground. 12

4. Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne. 16

5. His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire,
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire. 20

6. The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear ‡. 24

‡ See the Notes on Psalm xcvi.

His great ſalvation ſhines abroad:
And makes the nations bleſs'd.

2. He ſpake the word to Abra'm firſt,
His truth fulfils the grace,
The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3. Let the whole earth his love proclai
With all her diff'rent tongues,
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs‡.

PSALM XCVIII. Second part.

The Meſſiah's coming and kingdo

JOY to the world, the Lord is come.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their ſongs employ,
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy. 8

3. No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground,
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found. 12

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs
And wonders of his love. 16

PSALM XCIX. Firſt part.

Chriſt's kingdom and majeſty.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there. 4

2. Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord,
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word. 8

3. In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine,
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine. 12

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his feet;
His nature is all holineſs,
And mercy is his ſeat.

1. When Iſrael was his church,
When Aaron was his prieſt,
When Moſes cry'd, when Samuel pray
He gave his people reſt.

3. Oft' he forgave their ſins,
Nor would deſtroy their race,
And oft' he made his vengeance know
When they abus'd his grace.

4. Exalt the Lord our God,
Whoſe grace is ſtill the ſame:

PSALM C. Firſt Metre. A plain tranſlation.

Praiſe to our Creator.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your ſov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory ſing. 4

2. The Lord is God, 't is he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work and not our own,
The ſheep that on his paſtures live. 8

3. Enter his gates with ſongs of joy,
With praiſes to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there. 12

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy ſure,
And the whole race of man ſhall find
His truth from age to age endure. 16

PSALM C. Second Metre. A paraphraſe.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The Britiſh iſles ſhall ſend the noiſe
Acroſs the ocean to the ſhore. 4

2. Nations attend before his throne
With ſolemn fear, with ſacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he deſtroy.

3. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid
Made us of clay and form'd us men,
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

4. We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

5. We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
High as the heav'ns our voices raise,
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

The magistrates' Psalm.

Mercy and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2. If I am rais'd to bear the sword
I 'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3. Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me
Which may provoke thy jealouſy. 12

4. No ſons of ſlander, rage, and ſtrife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors ſhall ne'er abide. 16

[5. I 'll ſearch the land, and raiſe the juſt
To poſts of honour, wealth, and truſt;
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites ſtill.] 20

6. In vain ſhall ſinners hope to riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious lies,
And while the innocent I guard
The bold offender ſha' n't be ſpar'd. 24

7. The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads or quit the land,
And all that break the publick reſt
Where I have pow'r ſhall be ſuppreſt‡. 28

‡ The firſt ſtanza repreſents the mercy and judgment which the Pſalmiſt ſings as the due qualities of good government, which is the proper ſenſe of them in this Pſalm; and according to the double character of David in this Pſalm I have applied the firſt metre to magiſtrates, the ſecond to houſebuilders.—The fifth ſtanza can be ſung only by the ſuperiour rank of magiſtrates, and not the inferiour.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm for a maſter of a family.

Of juſtice and of grace I ſing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and juſtice heav'nly King
Teach me to rule my houſe.
2. Now to my tent, O God! repair,
And make thy ſervant wiſe,
I 'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine eyes.
3. The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falſehood or by force,
The ſcornful eye, the ſland'rous tongue,
I 'll thruſt them from my doors.
4. I 'll ſeek the faithful and the juſt,
And will their help enjoy:
Theſe are the friends that I ſhall truſt,
The ſervants I 'll employ.
5. The wretch that deals in ſly deceit
I 'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate
And baniſh from my ſight.
6. I 'll purge my family around
And make the wicked flee,
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. ver. 1,—13, 20, 21. First part.

A prayer of the afflicted.

HEAR me O God! nor hide thy face,
But anſwer leſt I die;
Haſt thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when ſinners cry?
2. My days are waſted like the ſmoke
Diſſolving in the air,
My ſtrength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And ſinking in deſpair.
3. My ſpirits flag like with'ring graſs
Burnt with exceſſive heat,
In ſecret groans my minutes paſs
And I forget to eat.
4. As on ſome lonely building's top
The ſparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I ſit and grieve alone.
5. My ſoul is like a wilderneſs
Where beaſts of midnight howl,
There the ſad raven finds her place,
And there the ſcreaming owl.
6. Dark diſmal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breaſt,
While ſharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my ſpirit reſt.

7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repaſt,
My daily bread like aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my taſte.

8. Senſe can afford no real joy
To ſouls that feel thy frown;
Lord! 't was thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath caſt me down.

9. My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning ſhadows are
That vaniſh into night.

10. But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name
And ſpread thy works abroad.

11. Thou wilt ariſe and ſhow thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12. He hears his ſaints, he knows their cry,
And by myſterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praiſe.

PSALM CII. ver. 13,—21. Second part.

Prayer heard, and Sion reſtored.

LET Sion and her ſons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
2. Her duſt and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.
3. The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
4. He ſits a Sov'reign on his throne
With pity in his eyes,
He hears the dying priſ'ners' groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.
5. He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death,
And when his ſaints complain,
It ſha' n't be ſaid "That praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."
6. This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. ver. 23,—28. Third part.

Man's mortality and Chriſt's eternity, or, Saints die, Chriſt and the church live.

It is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race;
Diſeaſe and death at his command
Arreſt us and cut ſhort our days.

2. Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon?

3. Yet in the midſt of death and grief
This thought our ſorrow ſhould aſſuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"Chriſt is the ſame thro' ev'ry age."

4. 'Twas he this earth's foundations laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, theſe heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5. The ſtarry curtains of the ſky
Like garments ſhall be laid aſide,
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high,
Thy church for ever muſt abide.

6. Before thy face thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again ‡. 24

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body.

BLESS O my ſoul the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine. 4

2. Bleſs O my ſoul the God of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot? 8

3. 'Tis he my ſoul that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done:
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives. 12

4. The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves. 16

‡ Several verſes at the end of this Pſalm are directly expounded concerning Chriſt, *Heb.* i. which inclined me to form a diſtinct hymn on thoſe verſes applied to the ſame ſubject.

5. Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years,
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food. 20

6. He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress,
And often gives the suff'rers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day. 24

[7. His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands,
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son. 28

8. Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.] 32

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part.
Long Metre.

God's gentle chastisement, or, *His tender mercy to his people.*

The Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known. 4

2. Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise. 8

3. Not half ſo high hath nature plac'd
The riſing morning from the weſt
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of thoſe he loves.

4. How ſlowly doth his wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter wings ſalvation flies,
And if he lets his anger burn
How ſoon his frowns to pity turn!

5. Amidſt his wrath compaſſion ſhines,
His ſtrokes are lighter than our ſins,
And while his rod corrects his ſaints
His ear indulges their complaints.

6. So fathers their young ſons chaſtiſe
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the ſmart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7. The mighty God, the wiſe and juſt,
Knows that our frame is feeble duſt,
And will no heavy loads impoſe
Beyond the ſtrength that he beſtows.

8. He knows how ſoon our nature dies
Blaſted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like graſs we ſpring and die as ſoon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

9. But his eternal love is ſure
To all the ſaints, and ſhall endure;
From age to age his truth ſhall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. First part. Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

O Bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine. 4

2. O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die. 8

3. 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sickness
And makes thee young again. 12

4. He crowns thy life with love
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save. 16

5. He fills the poor with good,
He gives the suff'rers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for th' oppress. 20

6. His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son. 24

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part. Short Metre

Abounding compaſſion of God, or, Mercy in the midſt of judgment.

My ſoul! repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great,
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide,
And when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

4. His pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt
Doth all our guilt remove.

5. The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name
s ſuch as tender parents feel;
le knows our feeble frame.

6. He knows we are but duſt
atter'd with ev'ry breath;
is anger like a riſing wind
n ſend us ſwift to death.

7. Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour. 28
8. But thy compaſſions Lord
To endleſs years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure. 32

PSALM CIII. ver. 19,—22. Third part. Short Metre.

God's univerſal dominion, or, *Angels praiſe the Lord.*

THE Lord, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules
And all beneath the ſky. 4
2. Ye angels great in might,
And ſwift to do his will,
Bleſs ye the Lord whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil. 8
3. Let the bright hoſts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches, when they pray
Join in the praiſe they ſing. 12
4. While all his wondrous works
Thro' his vaſt kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's glory, thou my ſoul
Shalt ſing his graces too. 16

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God in creation and providence†.

My ſoul! thy great Creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays
He in full majeſty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears. 4

2. The heav'ns are for his curtains ſpread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged ſtorms acroſs the ſkies. 8

3. Angels, whom his own breath inſpires,
His miniſters, are flaming fires,
And ſwift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love. 12

4. The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the ocean in his chain
Leſt it ſhould drown the earth again. 16

5. When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed. 20

† This Pſalm may be ſung to the tune of the old cxiith or cxxviith Pſalm, by adding theſe two lines to every ſtanza, namely,

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name!

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung as the cdth Pſalm.

6. The ſwelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round,
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins
They ſpring on hills and drench the plains.
7. He bids the cryſtal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirſt allay,
And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.
8. From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink
The lark and linnet 'light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9. God from his cloudy ciſtern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhow'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.
10. He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
And gives the cattle large ſupplies,
With herbs for man of various pow'r
To nouriſh nature or to cure.
11. What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a ſhining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces ſhine.
12. O bleſs his name, ye Britons! fed
With nature's chief ſupporter bread:
While bread your vital ſtrength imparts
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13. Behold the ſtately cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the foreſt by his hands,
Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
And build their neſts ſecure on high.
14. To craggy hills aſcends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.
15. He ſets the ſun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face,
And when thick darkneſs veils the day
Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.
16. Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring aſk their meat from God,
But when the morning beams ariſe
The ſavage beaſt to covert flies.
17. Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repoſe:
Sleep is thy gift, that ſweet relief
From tireſome toil and waſting grief.
18. How ſtrange thy works! how great thy ſkill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill;
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee;
This ſpacious earth is full of thee.
19. Nor leſs thy glories in the deep,
Where fiſh in millions ſwim and creep,
With wondrous motions ſwift or ſlow
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20. There ſhips divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of ſcaly monſters play,
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of man.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

21. Vaſt are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature reſts upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures ſtands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22. While each receives his diff'rent food
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent forms.

23. But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their duſt return;
Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign;
Life, breath, and ſpirit, all are thine.

24. Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men:
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſtes of time and death.

25. His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praiſe.

26. The earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke,
Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants to ſov'reign grace.

27. In thee my hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make my meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall my breath employ
Till it expire in endleſs joy. 108

28. While haughty ſinners die accurſt,
Their glory bury'd with their duſt,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs ſing †. 112

PSALM CV. Al

God's conduct of Iſrael [illegible]

Give thanks to God, inv[illegible] is
And tell the world his gr[illegible]
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame
That all may ſeek his face. 4

2. His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages paſt
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force ſhall laſt. 8

† Several lines in this Pſalm I have borrowed of Sir John Denham. If I have made the connexion more evident, and the ſenſe more eaſy and uſeful to an ordinary reader, I have attained my end, and leave others to judge whether I have diſhonoured his verſe or improved it.—Stanza v. Though I am perſuaded the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks here of the firſt formation of the ſea and mountains, when the waters of the chaos were ſeparated from the earth, yet the people more eaſily underſtand it of Noah's flood, and therefore I have indulged ſuch a paraphraſe as is capable of both ſenſes.

3. He ſware to Abra'm and his ſeed,
And made the bleſſing ſure,
Gentiles the ancient promiſe read,
And find his truth endure. 12

4. "Thy ſeed ſhall make all nations bleſt,"
(Said the almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land ſhall be their reſt,
"The type of heav'nly joys." 16

[5. How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were ſtrangers in the place,
A little feeble band! 20

6. Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remov'd,
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd. 24

7. "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
"Shall ſoon revenge the wrong;
"The man that does my prophets harm
"Shall know their God is ſtrong." 28

8. Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſrael muſt live thro' ev'ry age
And be th' Almighty's care.] 32

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9. When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the ſaints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moſes was ſent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod. 36

10. He call'd for darkneſs; darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry ſtream
To lakes and ſtreams of blood.

11. He gave the ſign, and noiſome flies
Thro' the whole country ſpread,
And frogs in croaking armies riſe
About the monarch's bed.

12. Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew;
Locuſts in ſwarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle ſlew.

13. Then by an angel's midnight ſtroke
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd,
The ſtrength of ev'ry houſe was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14. Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſrael muſt live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

15. Thus were the tribes from bondage brought
And left the hated ground;
Each ſome Egyptian's ſpoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16. The Lord himſelf choſe out their way
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17. They thirſt, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following ſtill the courſe they took
Ran all the deſert thro'. 68

18. O wondrous ſtream! O bleſſed type
Of everflowing grace!
So Chriſt our Rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderneſs. 72

19. Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The choſen tribes poſſeſt
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their reſt. 76

20. Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear,
Iſrael muſt live thro' ev'ry age
And be th' Almighty's care. 80

PSALM CVI. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.

Praiſe to God, or, *Communion with ſaints.*

To God the great, the ever bleſs'd,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd,
His mercy firm for ever ſtands,
Give him the thanks his love demands. 4

2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill
And pay their duty to thy will. 8

3. Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed,
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
4. O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord! to be
Join'd to thy saints and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12,—14, 43,—48.
Second part.

Israel punished and pardoned, or, *God's unchangeable love.*

GOD of eternal love
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
2. They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung,
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot
And murmur'd with their tongue.
3. Now they believe his word
While rocks with rivers flow,
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord
And he reduc'd them low.
4. Yet when they mourn'd their faults
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts
And call'd them still his sons.

5. Their names were in his book,
He fav'd them from their foes;
Oft' he chaſtis'd but ne'er forſook
The people that he choſe. 20

6. Let Iſrael bleſs the Lord
Who lov'd their ancient race,
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn word
Amen to all the praiſe †. 24

PSALM CVII. Firſt part.

Iſrael led to Canaan and Chriſtians to heaven.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own. 4

2. Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,
Iſrael the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes. 8

[3. When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the deſert, wand'ring round
A wild and ſolitary ground. 12

† The chief deſign of this whole Pſalm I have expreſſed in the title, and abridged it in this form, having enlarged much more on this ſame ſubject in the lxxviith, lxxviiith, and cvth Pſalms.—Though the Jews now ſeem to be caſt off, yet the apoſtle Paul aſſures us that God *hath not caſt away his people whom he foreknew*, Rom. xi. 2. Their unbelief and abſence from God is but for a ſeaſon, for they ſhall be recalled again, *ver.* 25, 26.

4. There they could find no leading road
Nor city for a fix'd abode,
Nor food nor fountain to aſſuage
Their burning thirſt or hunger's rage.]
5. In their diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their ſaviour and their guide,
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
6. Thus when our firſt releaſe we gain
From ſin's old yoke and Satan's chain
We have this deſert world to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome place!
7. He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps leſt we ſtray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
8. O let the ſaints with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

PSALM CVII. Second part.

Correction for ſin and releaſe by prayer.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are ſtill the ſame,
He fills the hungry ſoul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

And no deliv'rer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their [illegible]
In darkness and the shades of death.

4. Then to the Lord they raise their [illegible]
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5. He cuts the bars of brass in two
And lets the smiling pris'ners thro',
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6. O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

2. The drunkard feels his vitals waſte,
Yet drowns his health to pleaſe his taſte;
Till all his active pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting life draws near the duſt. 8

3. The glutton groans and loathes to eat,
His ſoul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppreſs'd
Would yield to death to be releas'd. 12

4. Then how the frighted ſinners fly
To God for help with earneſt cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And ſaves them from approaching death. 16

5. No med'cines could affect the cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly ſentence God repeals;
He ſends his ſov'reign word and heals. 20

6. O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love. 24

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from ſtorms and ſhipwreck, or, *The ſeaman's ſong.*

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the ſeas. 4

2. They leave their native ſhores behind,
And ſeize the favour of the wind,
Till God command and tempeſts riſe
That heave the ocean to the ſkies. 8

3. Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful deeps again;
What ſtrange affrights young ſailors feel,
And like a ſtagg'ring drunkard reel! 12

4. When land is far and death is nigh,
Loſt to all hope to God they cry,
His mercy hears the loud addreſs
And ſends ſalvation in diſtreſs. 16

5. He bids the winds their wrath aſſuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and ſailors ſmile to ſee
The haven where they wiſh'd to be. 20

6. O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory ſing. 24

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Common Metre.

The mariner's Pſalm.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord!
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The ſons of courage ſhall record
Who trade in floating ſhips. 4

2. At thy command the winds arife
And fwell the tow'ring waves,
The men aftonifh'd mount the fkies
And fink in gaping graves. 8

[3. Again they climb the wat'ry hills
And plunge in deeps again,
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels
And finds his courage vain. 12

4. Frighted to hea[illegible]ump
They pant with flutt[illegible]eath
And hopelefs of the [illegible]
Expect immediate d[illegible] 16

5. Then to the Lo[illegible]
He hears the loud requeft,
And orders filence thro' the fkies,
And lays the floods to reft. 20

6. Sailors rejoice to lofe their fears
And fee the ftorm allay'd,
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid. 24

7. 'Tis God that brings them fafe to land;
Let ftupid mortals know
That waves are under his command
And all the winds that blow. 28

8. O that the fons of men would praife
The goodnefs of the Lord!
And thofe that fee thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record. 32

PSALM CVII. Laſt part.

Colonies planted, or, *Nations bleſſed and puniſhed.*

A Pſalm for New England.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madneſs of the times,
He turns their fields to barren ſand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2. His word can raiſe the ſprings again
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send ſhow'ry bleſſings from the ſkies,
And harveſts in the deſert riſe.

[3. Where nothing dwelt but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppreſs'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4. They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

5. Thus they are bleſs'd; but if they ſin
He lets the Heathen nations in;
A ſavage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6. Their captive ſons expos'd to ſcorn
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

7. Yet if the humbled nation mourn
Again his dreadful hand he turns,
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.] 28

8. The righteous with a joyful ſenſe
Admire the works of Providence,
And tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that ſaints adore. 32

9. How few with [illegible]is care record
Theſe wondrous dea[illegible] of the Lord!
But wiſe obſervers ſ[illegible]all find
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind †. 36

PSALM CIX. ver. 1,—5, 31.

Love to enemies from the example of Chriſt.

GOD of my mercy and my praiſe
Thy glory is my ſong,
Tho' ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue. 4

2. When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders falſe and vain
They compaſs'd him around. 8

† If this hymn be too long to ſing at once, the two firſt and two laſt ſtanzas of it may be ſung together, and the five middle ſtanzas by themſelves, as another hymn, for I could not find any other convenient diviſion of it.——The cviiith Pſalm is formed out of *the lviith* and lxth, therefore I have omitted it.

3. Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd,
They render hatred for his love
And evil for his good. 12

4. Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death. 16

5. Lord! ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a ſoul a-kin to thine
To love my enemies. 20

6. The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage
Who ſlander and condemn †. 24

PSALM CX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted, and multitudes converted, or, *The ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To Chriſt the Son; "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right hand till I ſhall make
"Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet. 4

† That this Pſalm foretels the ſufferings, the patience, and love, of Chriſt to enemies, is univerſally agreed; but the curſes on Judas and the prieſts, &c. I have choſen to leave where they ſtand in the ſacred language of prophecy.

2. " From Sion ſhall thy word proceed,
" Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
" Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
" And bow their wills to thy command. 8

3. " That day ſhall ſhow thy pow'r is great
" When ſaints ſhall flock with willing minds,
" And ſinners crowd thy temple gate,
" Where holineſs in beauty ſhines." 12

4. O bleſſed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry ſhall enſue!
And converts who thy grace obey
Exceed the drops of morning dew ‡. 16

PSALM CX. Second part. Long Metre.

The kingdom and prieſthood of Chriſt.

THUS the great Lord of earth and ſea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore,
" Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
" And change from hand to hand no more. 4

2. " Aaron and all his ſons muſt die,
" But everlaſting life is thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For refuge from the wrath divine. 8

‡ Stanza iii, iv. It is generally ſuppoſed the 3d verſe of this Pſalm deſcribes the numerous converſions that followed the aſcenſion of Chriſt. The beauty of holineſs is but a periphraſis for the temple. That the whole Pſalm is a prophecy of Chriſt in his kingdom and prieſthood is abundantly evident from *Matt.* xxii. 44. *Heb.* vii. &c.

3. "By me Melchisedeck was made
"On earth a king and priest at once;
"And thou my heav'nly Priest shalt plead,
"And thou my King shalt rule my sons." 12

4. Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace
Between the Father and the Son
Proceed with honour and success. 16

5. Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel,
Then shall he judge the rising dead
And send the guilty world to hell. 20

6. Tho' while he treads his glorious way
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God ‡. 24

‡ The Priesthood of Christ, after the order of Melchisedeck, is particularly explained *Heb.* vii. ver. 1, 3, 23,—25. and is asserted in the three first stanzas.—Stanza iv. *Zech.* vi. 13. *He shall be a Priest upon his throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both.*—The last verse of this Psalm is explained by interpreters in very contrary senses: some make his *drinking of the brook* to signify *mean refreshments in his way*, and some expound it of his *tasting sorrows and sufferings*; the last is most evangelical and most beautiful, therefore I have chosen it.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom and prieſthood.

Jesus our Lord! aſcend thy throne,
And near the Father ſit;
In Sion ſhall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes ſubmit.
2. What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace.
3. God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be
"When Aaron is no more.
4. "Melchiſedeck that wondrous prieſt,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man who Abra'm bleſt,
"Was but a type of thee."
5. Jeſus our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above,
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The bleſſings of his love.
6. God ſhall exalt his glorious head
And his high throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

PSALM CXI. First part.

The wiſdom of God in his works.

SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart and he my tongue
To ſpread his name abroad. 4

2. How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in ev'ry age have ſought
His wonders with delight. 8

3. How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme
That his firſt thoughts deſign'd. 12

4. When he redeem'd his choſen ſons
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endleſs years endure. 16

5. Nature and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe
But learn to read thy name? 20

6. To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill,
And he 's the wiſeſt of our race
That beſt obeys thy will ‡. 24

‡ Of this Pſalm I have choſen ſeveral verſes, and formed into two diſtinct hymns, keeping the firſt and the two laſt verſes in both.

PSALM CXI. Second part.

The perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
Demand our nobleſt ſongs;
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite
Their harmony of tongues. 4

2. Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food,
And ever mindful of his word
He makes his promiſe good. 8

3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his cov'nant ſure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are juſt and pure. 12

4. They that would grow divinely wiſe
Muſt with his fear begin:
Our faireſt proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry ſin. 16

PSALM CXII. as the 113th Pſalm.

The bleſſings of the liberal man.

THAT man is bleſs'd who ſtands in awe
Of God and loves his ſacred law,
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd. 6

2. His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends,
A gen'rous pity fills his mind;
Yet what his charity impairs
He ſaves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he 's juſt to all mankind.

3. His hands while they his alms beſtow'd
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of bleſſings for his heirs
When dying nature ſleeps in duſt.

4. Beſet with threat'ning dangers round
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground,
His conſcience holds his courage up;
The ſoul that 's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night,
And ſees in darkneſs beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5. Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempeſts roar around;
Safe on the Rock he ſits and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6. The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony

To find their expectations croſt;
They and their envy, pride, and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt †.] 36

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word,
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend. 4

2. Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid. 8

3. When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there. 12

4. His ſoul well fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs light ſhall riſe
To cheer his heart and bleſs his eyes. 16

5. He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God,
His name on earth ſhall long remain,
While envious ſinners fret in vain. 20

† Many lines of this metre, and ſome of the next Pſalm, proper metre, are borrowed from Mr. Tate's verſion.

Who lends the poor without reward
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2. As pity dwells within his bre
To all the ſons of need,
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt
With bleſſings on his ſeed.

3. No evil tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well eſtabliſh'd mind,
His ſoul to God his refuge flies
And leaves his fears behind.

4. In times of general diſtreſs
Some beams of light ſhall ſhine
To ſhew the world his righteouſn
And give him peace divine.

5. His works of piety and love

PSALM CXIII. Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

Ye that delight to serve the Lord
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess. 6

2. Not time nor nature's narrow rounds
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might. 12

3. He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings. 18

4. When childless families despair
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys;
Let ev'ry age advance his fame. 24

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God ſovereign and gracious.

Ye ſervants of th' almighty King
In ev'ry age his praiſes ſing;
Where'er the ſun ſhall riſe or ſet
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat. 4

2. Above the earth beyond the ſky
Stands his high throne of majeſty,
Nor time nor place his pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal reign. 8

3. Which of the ſons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright
Who dwells in uncreated light! 12

4. Behold his love! he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do,
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below. 16

5. From duſt and cottages obſcure
His grace exalts the humble poor,
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones. 20

6. A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren houſe rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were paſt
The promis'd ſeed is born at laſt. 24

7. With joy the mother views her ſon
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow ſtrong when ſenſe deſpairs;
If nature fails the promiſe bears †.] 28

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Iſrael's journey.

When Iſrael freed from Pharaoh's hand
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne. 4
2. Acroſs the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march and fled
With backward current to his head. 8
3. The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand. 12
4. What pow'r could make the deep divide,
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels? 16

† Part of the vith and viith ſtanzas are borrowed from *Gen.* xvii. 17. and *Rom.* iv. 19, 20. *Shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear? Abraham was ſtrong in faith, &c.*

5. Let ev'ry mountain ev'ry flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel; see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
6. He thunders and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pool he turns,
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord †.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge, or, Idolatry reproved.

Not to ourselves who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God! thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.
2. Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a Heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, "Where 's the God you 've serv'd so long?"

† This Psalm appears to me an admirable ode; but if I had introduced the presence of God into the camp of Israel reinviving from Egypt, as all my predecessors have done, I had lost the divine beauty of the Psalm, for had God appeared at first, there could be no wonder why *the mountains should leap* and *the seas retire*; therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise the sacred poet conceals his name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the inspired author.

3. The God we ſerve maintains his throne
Above the clouds beyond the ſkies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
4. But the vain idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs ſhapes of ſtone and wood,
At beſt a maſs of glitt'ring ore,
A ſilver ſaint or golden god.
[5. With eyes and ear [illegible] d;
Deaf are their ears, the[illegible]
In vain are coſtly off'ri[illegible]
And vows are ſcatter'd
6. Their feet were ne[illegible]
Nor hands to ſave when [illegible]
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
7. O Iſrael! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy reſt;
The Lord ſhall build thy ruins up,
And bleſs the people and the prieſt.
8. The dead no more can ſpeak thy praiſe,
They dwell in ſilence and the grave,
But we ſhall live to ſing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to ſave.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre, as the new tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

NOT to our names thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name:
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the Heathen say, "And where's your God?" 6

2 Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy throne:
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours and their saints of gold. 12

3. Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love,
Yet foolish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints. 18

4. The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold,
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,

With tools of iron carve the senseless stock
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock;
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made

5. Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 't is hard to s
Which is more stupid or their gods or they:
O Israel! trust the Lord, he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace,
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help and he thy heav'nly shield.

6. O Britain trust the Lord, thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd darkness had clos'd our days
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are sav'd and live; let songs arise,
And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM CXVI. First part.

Recovery from sickness.

I Love the Lord, he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan;
Long as I live when troubles rise
I'll hasten to his throne.

2. I love the Lord, he bow'd his ear
And chas'd my griefs away,
O let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray!

3. My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4. "My God," I cry'd, "thy ſervant ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt,
"Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my truſt."

5. The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my pains remove;
Return my ſoul to God thy reſt,
For thou haſt known his love.

6. My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death
And dry'd my falling tears,
Now to his praiſe I 'll ſpend my breath
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. ver. 12, &c. Second part.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church, or, *Publick thanks for private deliverance.*

WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his kindneſs ſhown!
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2. Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid,
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight
Thou ever bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord I devote to thee.
5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move,
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.
6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs ye ſaints who hear me now
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all nations.

O All ye nations praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue,
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.
2. His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land,
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand:
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

From all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe,
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word,
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

Thy name almighty Lord
Shall ſound thro' diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace and ſure thy word,
Thy truth for ever ſtands.

2. Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 6,—15. First part.

Deliverance from a tumult.

The Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the ſons of earth can do
Since heav'n affords its aid.

2. 'Tis safer Lord to hope in thee
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree
And on their truth depend.

3. Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm,
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4. 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song
How cheerful is my voice!

5. Like angry bees they girt me round,
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns with crackling sound
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6. Joy to the saints and peace belongs,
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 17,—21. Second part.

Publick praise for deliverance from death.

LORD thou hast heard thy servant cry
And rescu'd from the grave,
Now shall he live (and none can die
If God resolve to save.)

2. Thy praiſe more conſtant than before
Shall fill his daily breath,
Thy hand that hath chaſtis'd him ſore
Defends him ſtill from death. 8

3. Open the gates of Sion now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The houſe where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare. 12

4. Among th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints
Our thankful voice we raiſe,
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy praiſe. 16

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22, 23. Third part.

Chriſt the foundation of his church.

BEHOLD the ſure Foundation-ſtone
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe. 4

2. Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name,
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame. 8

3. The fooliſh builders, ſcribe and prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain,
Yet on this Rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain. 12

4. What tho' the gates of hell withſtood
Yet muſt this building riſe;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes‡. 16

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 24, 25, 26. Fourth part.

Hoſanna, the Lord's day, or, *Chriſt's reſurrection and our ſalvation.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own,
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne. 4

2. To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell,
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell. 8

3. Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! deſcend and bring
Salvation from the throne. 12

‡ Theſe five verſes, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious prophecy of Chriſt, I have explained them at large in the language of The New Teſtament in two diſtinct hymns; 1 *Pet.* ii. 4, 6. *Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-ſtone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him ſhall not be aſhamed---Diſallowed of men, but choſen of God, and precious.* Matt. xvi. 18. *Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it.* See the Notes on the following hymns.

4. Bleſt be the Lord who comes to men
With meſſages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To ſave our ſinful race. 16

5. Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe,
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praiſe ‡. 20

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Short Metre.

An hoſanna for the Lord's day, or, *A new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt.*

See what a living Stone
The builders did refuſe!
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In ſpite of envious Jews. 4

2. The ſcribe and angry prieſt
Reject thine only Son,
Yet on this Rock ſhall Sion reſt
As the chief corner-ſtone. 8

‡ See the Notes on the foregoing and following hymns.---Stanza i. This is the day wherein Chriſt fulfilled his ſufferings and roſe from the dead, and has honoured it with his own name, *Rev.* i. 10. *The Lord's day.*---Stanza iii. This verſe is explained *Matt.* xxi. 9. *Hoſanna to the Son of David. Bleſſed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hoſanna in the higheſt.* The word *hoſanna* ſignifies *ſave we beſeech.*

3. The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise. 12

4. This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad. 16

5. Hosanna to the Ki
Of David's royal blood
Bless him ye saints; he
Salvation from your Ge 20

6. We bless thine hol
Which all this grace di
And offer on thine alta
Our sacrifice of praise‡. 24

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Long Metre.

An hosanna for the Lord's day, or, *A new song of salvation by Christ.*

Lo! what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envy and the Jews. 4

‡ Stanza vi. The 27th verse must be explained evangelically; the gospel is our light, our altar is Christ, and our sacrifices are prayer and praise, *Heb.* xiii. 10, 15.

2. Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise. 8

3. Sinners rejoice and saints be glad,
Hosanna let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest! 12

4. In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race,
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise†. 16

PSALM CXIX‡. First part.

The blessedness of saints and misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

Blest are the undefil'd in heart
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin. 4

† Stanza iii. *Hosanna* signifies *save we beseech*, as ver. 25.; and since the hosanna is ascribed to Christ in *Matt.* xxi. 9. it seems to mean properly *an acclamation to Christ as King*, as we say in our language *God save the king*, or *God bless the king*, though in the common metre I have turned it as a short prayer for our own salvation in the sense in which it is often understood.

‡ I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them; but the verses are much transposed to at-

2. Bleſs'd are the men that keep thy word
And practiſe thy commands,
With their whole heart they ſeek the Lord
And ſerve thee with their hands. 8

Ver. 165.

3. Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide. 12

Ver. 6.

4. Then ſhall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from ſhame,
When all thy ſtatutes I obey,
And honour all thy name. 16

Ver. 21, 118.

5. But haughty ſinners God will hate,
The proud ſhall die accurſt,
The ſons of falſehood and deceit
Are trodden to the duſt. 20

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the droſs the wicked are,
And thoſe that leave thy ways
Shall ſee ſalvation from afar,
But never taſte thy grace. 24

tain ſome degree of connexion.-----In ſome places among the words *law*, *commands*, *judgments*, *teſtimonies*, I have uſed *goſpel*, *word*, *grace*, *truth*, *promiſes*, &c. as more agreeable to the New Teſtament and the common language of Chriſtians; and it equally anſwers the deſign of the Pſalmiſt, which was to recommend the Holy Scripture.

PSALM CXIX. Second part.

Secret devotion and ſpiritual mindedneſs, or, *Conſtant converſe with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

To thee before the dawning light
My gracious God I pray,
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day. 28

Ver. 81.

2. My ſpirit faints to ſee thy grace,
Thy promiſe bears me up,
And while ſalvation long delays
Thy word ſupports my hope. 32

Ver. 164.

3. Sev'n times a day I lift my hands
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praiſe from me. 36

Ver. 62.

4. When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe
And ſweet acceptance find. 40

PSALM CXIX. Third part.

Profeſſions of ſincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

THOU art my portion O my God!
Soon as I know thy way
My heart makes haſte t' obey thy word,
And ſuffers no delay. 44

Ver

2. I chuſe the path o
And glory in my choic
Not all the riches of the
Could make me ſo rejo 48

Ver. 30, 14.

3. The teſtimonies of thy grace
I ſet before my eyes,
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
And there my comfort lies. 52

Ver. 59.

4. If once I wander from thy path
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands
And truſt thy pard'ning grace. 56

Ver. 94, 114.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy ſervant Lord,
Thou art my ſhield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word. 60

Ver. 112.

6. Thou haſt inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil,
And thus till mortal life ſhall end
Would I perform thy will. 64

PSALM CXIX. Fourth part.

Inſtruction from ſcripture.

Ver. 9.

How ſhall the young ſecure their hearts
And guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rules imparts
To keep the conſcience clean. 68

Ver. 30.

2. When once it enters to the mind
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find
And raiſe their thoughts to God. 72

Ver. 105.

3. 'Tis like the ſun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And thro' the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way. 76

Ver. 99, 100.

4. The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord. 80

Ver. 104, 113.

5. Thy precepts make me truly wiſe,
I hate the ſinner's road,
I hate my own vain thoughts that riſe,
But love thy law my God. 84

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

[6. The ſtarry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place,
And theſe thy ſervat
Thy ſkill and pow'r 88

7. But ſtill thy lav
Have leſſons more d
Not earth ſtands firm
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſh 92

Ver. 100, 140, 9, 110.

8. Thy word is everlaſting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our youth
And well ſupport our age. 96

PSALM CXIX. Fifth part.

Delight in ſcripture, or, *The word of God dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

O How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight,
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night. 100

Ver. 148.

2. My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word,
My ſoul with longing melts away
To hear thy goſpel Lord. 104

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3. How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tireſome pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly ſong. 108

Ver. 19, 103.

4. Am I a ſtranger or at home
'Tis my perpetual feaſt;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taſte. 112

Ver. 72, 127.

5. No treaſures ſo enrich the mind,
Nor ſhall thy word be ſold
For loads of ſilver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choiceſt gold. 116

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6. When nature ſinks and ſpirits droop
Thy promiſes of grace
Are pillars to ſupport my hope,
And there I write thy praiſe. 120

PSALM CXIX. Sixth part.

Holineſs and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

LORD! I eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt,
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring luſt. 124

Ver. 97, 9.

2. Thy precepts often I ſurvey,
I keep thy law in ſight
Thro' all the buſ'neſs of the day
To form my actions right. 128

Ver. 62.

3. My heart in midnight ſilence cries
"How ſweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe
And bring their thanks to thee. 132

Ver. 162.

4. And when my ſpirit drinks her fill
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil
Have joys compar'd to mine. 136

PSALM CXIX. Seventh part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of ſcripture.

Ver. 96. paraphraſed.

LET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God! if once compar'd with thine
How *mean their* writings look! 140

2. Not the moſt perfect rules they gave
Could ſhew one ſin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to heav'n. 144

3. I 'ave ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the pow'rs of nature fall
And can no farther go. 148

4. Yet men would fain be juſt with God
By works their hands have wrought,
But thy commands exceeding broad
Extend to ev'ry thought. 152

5. In vain we boaſt perfection here
While ſin defiles our frame,
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far
They ſcarce deſerve the name. 156

6. Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word,
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord. 160

PSALM CXIX. Eighth part.

The word of God is the ſaints' portion, or, *The excellency and variety of ſcripture.*

Ver. III. paraphraſed.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My laſting heritage,
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage. 164

2. I 'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love
And keep thy laws in ſight,
While thro' the promiſes I rove
With ever-freſh delight. 168
3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where ſprings of life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies. 172
4. The beſt relief that mourners have
It makes our ſorrows bleſt,
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt. 176

PSALM CXIX. Ninth part.

Deſire of knowledge, or, *The teachings of the Spirit with the word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word
And ſee thy wonders there. 180

Ver. 73, 125.

2. My heart was faſhion'd by thy hand,
My ſervice is thy due,
O make thy ſervant underſtand
The duties he muſt do. 184

Ver. 19.

3. Since I 'm a ſtranger here below:
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet ſhould go
And be my conſtant guide. 188

Ver. 26.

4. When I confeſs'd my wand'ring ways
Thou heard'ſt my ſoul complain,
Grant me the teachings of thy grace
Or I ſhall ſtray again. 192

Ver. 33, 34.

5. If God to me his ſtatutes ſhew
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I 'll purſue,
His law ſhall rule my heart. 196

Ver. 50, 71.

6. This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief,
It made me learn thy word the more
And fly to that relief. 200

Ver. 51.

[7. In vain the proud deride me now,
I 'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that bleſſed goſpel go
Whence all my hopes I draw. 204

Ver. 27, 171.

8. When I have learn'd my Father's will
I 'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inſpir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praiſe.] 208

PSALM CXIX. Tenth part.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord!
Devoted to thy fear,
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are
Ve 212

2. Hast thou not w
And promis'd quick'
Doth not my heart a
And yet thy love del 216

Ver. 123, 42.

3. Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope. 220

Ver. 49, 74.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let the truth appear;
Saints shall rejoice in my reward
And trust as well as fear. 224

PSALM CXIX. Eleventh part.

Breathing after holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

O That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will! 228

Ver. 29.

2. O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part. 232

Ver. 37, 36.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign
Nor covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine. 236

Ver. 133.

4. Order my footſteps by thy word
And make my heart ſincere,
Let ſin have no dominion Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear. 240

Ver. 176.

5. My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip,
Yet ſince I 'ave not forgot thy way
Reſtore thy wand'ring ſheep. 244

Ver. 35.

6. Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road,
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my God. 248

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth part.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

My God, conſider my diſtreſs,
Let mercy plead my cauſe,
Tho' I have ſinn'd againſt thy grace
I cann't forget thy laws. 252

Ver. 39, 116.

2. Forbid, forbid the ſharp reproach
Which I ſo juſtly fear,
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my ſhame appear. 256

Ver. 122, 135.

3. Be thou a ſurety Lord for me,
Nor let the proud oppreſs,
But make thy waiting ſervant ſee
The ſhinings of thy face. 260

Ver. 82.

4. My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries
" When will the Lord his truth fulfil
" And make my comforts riſe?" 264

Ver. 132.

5. Look down upon my ſorrows Lord!
And ſhew thy grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To thoſe that love thy name. 268

PSALM CXIX. Thirteenth part.

Holy fear and tenderneſs of conſcience.

Ver. 10.

WITH my whole heart I 'ave ſought thy face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the ſinners' way. 272

Ver. 11.

2. Thy word I 'ave hid within my heart
To keep my conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting guard
From every riſing ſin. 276

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3. I 'm a companion of the ſaints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My ſorrows riſe, my nature faints,
When men tranſgreſs thy word. 280

Ver. 161, 163.

4. While ſinners do thy goſpel wrong
My ſpirit ſtands in awe;
My ſoul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law. 284

Ver. 161, 120.

5. My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word,
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord. 288

Ver. 166, 174.

6. My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still,
While thy whole law i
And I obey thy will. 292

PSALM CXI

Benefit of affliction *them.*

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my sorrows Lord!
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end? 296

Ver. 71.

2. Yet I have found 't is good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law
And live upon my God. 300

Ver. 50.

3. This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4. Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My ſoul oppreſs'd with ſorrow's weight
Had ſunk amongſt the dead.

Ver. 75.

5. I know thy judgments Lord are right
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6. Before I knew thy chaſt'ning rod
My feet were apt to ſtray,
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth part.

Holy reſolutions.

Ver. 93.

O That thy ſtatutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2. To meditate thy precepts Lord!
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3. How would I run in thy commands
If thou my heart diſcharge
From ſin and Satan's hateful chains,
And ſet my feet at large? 328

Ver. 13, 46.

4. My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes and thy name,
I 'll ſpeak thy word tho' kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame. 334

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5. Let bands of perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight. 336

Ver. 115.

6. Depart from me ye wicked race
Whoſe hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And muſt obey his will. 340

PSALM CXIX Sixteenth part.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

My ſoul lies cleaving to the duſt,
Lord give me life divine;
From vain deſires and ev'ry luſt
Turn off theſe eyes of mine. 344

2. I need the influence of thy grace
To ſpeed me in thy way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my race
Or turn my feet aſtray. 348

Ver. 107.

3. When ſore afflictions preſs me down
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have reſted on
Shall help my heavieſt hours. 352

Ver. 156, 40.

4. Are not thy mercies ſov'reign ſtill
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road? 356

Ver. 159, 40.

5. Does not my heart thy precepts love
And long to ſee thy face?
And yet how ſlow my ſpirits move
Without enliv'ning grace! 360

Ver. 93.

6. Then ſhall I love thy goſpel more
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord. 364

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth part.

Courage and perseverance under persecution, Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for l
Uphold me with thy s 368

Ver.

2. The proud have lies,
They watch my feet w
And tempt my soul to
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline. 372

Ver. 161, 78.

3. They hate me Lord without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws,
But I will trust and fear thy name
Till pride and malice die with shame. 376

PSALM CXIX. Last part.

Sanctified afflictions, or, *Delight in the word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

FATHER! I bless thy gentle hand,
How kind was thy chastising rod
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God! 380

2. Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges Lord!
I left my guide and loſt my way,
But now I love and keep thy word. 384

Ver. 71.

3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke
That I might learn his ſtatutes well. 388

Ver. 72.

4. The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore. 392

Ver. 73.

5. Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin. 396

Ver. 74.

6. Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice,
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice. 400

PSALM CXX ‡.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours, or, *A devout wish for peace.*

Thou God of love, thou ever bleſt!
Pity my ſuff'ring ſtate,
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
From lips that love deceit
2. Hard lot of mine!
Among the ſons of ſtrife
Whoſe never-ceaſing bi
My golden hours of life
3. O might I fly to cl
How would I chuſe to
In ſome wide lonely wilderneſs,
And leave theſe gates of hell!
4. Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace, but when I ſpeak
They all declare for arms.
5. New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage
And keep their malice ſtrong:
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage
O thou devouring tongue!

‡ I hope the tranſpoſition of ſeveral verſes of the Pſalm is no diſadvantage to this imitation of it: nor will the ſpirit of the goſpel and charity at the end render it leſs agreeable to Chriſtian ears.

6. Should burning arrows ſmite thee thro'
Strict juſtice would approve,
But I had rather ſpare my foe
And melt his heart with love. 24

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies,
Thence all her help my ſoul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives. 4

2. He lives, the everlaſting God
That built the world, that ſpread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hoſts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead. 8

3. He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day,
He ſpreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The ſilent hours while Iſrael ſleeps. 12

4. Iſrael, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no ſlumber nor ſurpriſe. 16

5. No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with ſickly ray
Shall blaſt thy couch, no baleful ſtar
Dart his malignant fire ſo far. 20

6. Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare. 24

7. On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r,
And in thy laſt departing hour
Angels that trace the airy road
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God ‡. 28

PSALM CXXI. 1

Preſervatio

To heav'n I lift my w
There all my hopes are
The Lord that built the e ..d ſk
Is my perpetual aid. 4

2. Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall
Whom he deſigns to keep,
His ear attends the ſofteſt call,
His eyes can never ſleep. 8

3. He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm. 12

4. Iſrael rejoice and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard. 16

‡ See the Notes on Pſalm xli.

5. Nor ſcorching ſun nor ſickly moon
Shall have his leave to ſmite,
He ſhields thy head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night. 20

6. He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come,
Go and return ſecure from death
Till God commands thee home. 24

PSALM CXXI. as the 148th Pſalm.

God our preſerver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid,
The God that built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tow'r
To which I fly,
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour. 8

2. My feet ſhall never ſlide
And fall in fatal ſnares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes
That never ſleep
Shall Iſrael keep
When dangers riſe. 16

3. No burning heats by day
Nor blasts of ev'ning air
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun
And thou my shade
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4. Hast thou not g
To save my soul fron
And I can trust my I
To keep my mortal l
I 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to church.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say
"In Sion let us all appear
"And keep the solemn day!"

2. I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.

3. Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And ſits in judgment there.

4. He hears our praiſes and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the ſinners from the ſaints
We tremble and rejoice.

5. Peace be within this ſacred place
And joy a conſtant gueſt!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bleſt!

6. My ſoul ſhall pray for Sion ſtill
While life or breath remains;
There my beſt friends my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to church.

How pleas'd and bleſs'd was I
To hear the people cry
"Come, let us ſeek our God to-day."
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haſte to Sion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2. Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of ſtrength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He ſits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the ſaint be glad,
He makes the ſinner ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt:
The man that ſeeks thy peace
And wiſhes thine increaſe
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſs'd abode
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well ‡.

‡ Repeat the fourth ſtanza to complete the tune.

[illegible] above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pair
To thee we lift our eyes.

2. As servants watch their master's h
And fear the angry stroke,
Or maids before their mistress stand
And wait a peaceful look,

3. So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline O God,
Yet wait the gracious moment still
Till thou remove thy rod.

4. Those that in wealth and pleasure
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5. Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies:
This thought shall bear our spirits up

PSALM CXXIV.

A ſong for the fifth of November.

HAD not the Lord, may Iſrael ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our ſide,
When men to make our lives a prey
Roſe like the ſwelling of the tide;
2. The ſwelling tide had ſtopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in death,
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.
3. We leap for joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal ſtroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing
When once the fowler's ſnare is broke.
4. For ever bleſſed be the Lord
Who broke the fowler's curſed ſnare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives and ſouls his care.
5. Our help is in Jehovah's name
Who form'd the earth and built the ſkies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The ſaints' trial and ſafety.

UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the ſoul ſhall reſt
That leans O Lord on thee. 4

2. Not walls nor hills could guard ſo well
Old Salem's happy ground
As thoſe eternal arms of love
That ev'ry ſaint ſurround. 8

3. While tyrants are a ſmarting ſcourge
To drive them near to God
Divine compaſſion does allay
The fury of the rod. 12

4. Deal gently Lord with ſouls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright gates of paradiſe
Where Chriſt their Lord is gone. 16

5. But if we trace thoſe crooked ways
That the old ſerpent drew,
The wrath that drove him firſt to hell
Shall ſmite his followers too. 20

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The saints' trial and safety, or, *Moderated afflictions.*

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God,
Firm as the mount where David dwelt
Or where the ark abode. 4

2. As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around. 8

3. What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wounds their souls too deep
Its fury shall be broke. 12

4. Deal gently Lord with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere. 16

5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint. 20

6. But if our slavish fear
Will chuse the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell ‡. 24

‡ The last stanza of this metre more clearly expresses the true sense of the Psalmist in this place.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The bleſſing of God on the buſineſs and comforts of life.

If God ſucceed not all the coſt
And pains to build the houſe are loſt;
If God the city will not keep
The watchful guards as well may ſleep. 4

2. What if you riſe before the ſun
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your bread
To ſhun that poverty you dread? 8

3. 'Tis all in vain till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us reſt:
Children and friends are bleſſings too
If God our Sov'reign make them ſo. 12

4. Happy the man to whom he ſends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How ſweet our daily comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love! 16

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

If God to build the houſe deny
The builders work in vain,
And towns without his wakeful eye
An uſeleſs watch maintain. 4

2. Before the morning beams arife
Your painful work renew,
And till the ſtars aſcend the ſkies
Your tireſome toil purſue. 8
3. Short be your ſleep and coarſe your fare;
In vain till God has bleſt;
But if his ſmiles attend your care
You ſhall have food and reſt. 12
4. Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he ſends,
If ſent without his love. 16

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family bleſſings.

O Happy man whoſe ſoul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law. 4
2. A careful providence ſhall ſtand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly bleſſings ſhed. 8
3. Thy wife ſhall be a fruitful vine,
Thy children round thy board
Each like a plant of honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord. 12

4. The Lord ſhall thy beſt hopes fulfil
For months and years to come,
The Lord who dwells on Sion's hill
Shall ſend thee bleſſings home. 16
5. This is the man whoſe happy eyes
Shall ſee his houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking church ariſe,
Then leave the world in peace. 20

PSALM CXXIX.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

Up from my youth may Iſrael ſay
Have I been nurs'd in tears,
My griefs were conſtant as the day,
And tedious as the years. 4
2. Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the ſons of ſtrife,
Oft' they aſſail'd my riper age,
But not deſtroy'd my life. 8
3. Their cruel plough had torn my fleſh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afreſh,
Nor let my ſorrows ſleep. 12
4. The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Meaſur'd the miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly. 16

5. How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Sion seiz'd
With horrour to the soul.

6. Thus shall the men that hate the Sa
Be blasted from the sky,
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their project

[7. What tho' the
They have no root b
Their growth shall p
And lie despis'd in d

[8. So corn that o
No hope of harvest g
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9. It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

Out of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God! ſhould thy ſevcrer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

3. But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

[4. I wait for thy ſalvation Lord,
With ſtrong deſires I wait;
My ſoul invited by thy word
Stands watching at thy gate.]

[5. Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light
And meet them with their eyes;

6. So waits my ſoul to ſee thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt op'nings of thy face
And finds a brighter day.]

[7. Then in the Lord let Iſrael truſt,
Let Iſrael ſeek his face,
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his grace.

8. There 's full redemption at his throne
For ſinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Iſrael ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

FROM deep diſtreſs and troubled thoughts
To thee my God I rais'd my cries;
If thou ſeverely mark our faults
No fleſh can ſtand before thine eyes.

2. But thou haſt built thy throne of grace
Free to diſpenſe thy pardons there,
That ſinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wiſh for breaking day,
So waits my ſoul before thy gate:
When will my God his face diſplay?

4. My truſt is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy word in vain;
Let mourning ſouls addreſs the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love and large his grace
Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from ſinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and ſubmiſſion.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search gracious God and ſee,
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord I appeal to thee. 4

2. I charge my thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my carriage mild,
Content my Father with thy will,
And quiet as a child. 8

3. The patient ſoul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let ſaints in ſorrow lie reſign'd
And truſt a faithful Lord. 12

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 5, 13,—18. Long Metre.

At the ſettlement of a church or the ordination of a miniſter.

Where ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Amongſt the ſons of fleſh and blood? 4

2. The God of Jacob choſe the hill
Of Sion for his ancient reſt,
And Sion is his dwelling ſtill;
His church is with his preſence bleſt. 8

3. Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever ſaith the Lord;
Here ſhall my pow'r and love be known,
And bleſſings ſhall attend my word. 12

4. Here will I meet the hungry poor
And fill their ſouls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door
With ſweet proviſions ſhall be fed. 16

5. Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace
My prieſts my miniſters ſhall ſhine;
Not Aaron in his coſtly dreſs
Made an appearance ſo divine. 20

6. The ſaints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The Son of David here ſhall reign,
And Sion triumph in her King. 24

[7. Jeſus ſhall ſee a num'rous ſeed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name,
His crown ſhall flouriſh on his head
While all his foes are cloth'd with ſhame.] 28

[No sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2. The Lord in Sion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there,
To Sion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a-year.

3. But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4. Arise, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes

Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and pow'r divine. 28

8. Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes *. 32

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love

Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety? 4

* The settlement of the ark in Sion is a fair type of the dwelling of Christ in his churches, and I have so copied this Psalm in both metres, omitting the verses less necessary to this sense.——Stanza ii. *Thrice in the year shall all your male children appear before the Lord, &c.* Exod. xxxiv. 23.——Stanza iii. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,* Matt. xviii. 20. *The house of God, the church, &c.* 1 Tim. iii. 15.

3. 'Tis like the [illegible]
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet
And o'er his garments spread;

4. 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Me

Communion of saints, or, *Love and unity*

BLESS'D are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and plea
Thro' all their actions run.

2. Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,

4. Thus on the heav'nly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy like morning dew diſtils,
And all the air is love. 16

PSALM CXXXIII. as the 122d Pſalm.

The bleſſings of friendſhip.

How pleaſant 't is to ſee
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper ſtation move,
And each fulfil their part
With ſympathizing heart
In all the cares of life and love! 6

2. 'Tis like the ointment ſhed
On Aaron's ſacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes and bleſt his feet. 12

3. Like fruitful ſhow'rs of rain
That water all the plain
Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly ſoul
Where love like heav'nly dew diſtils †. 18

† Repeat the firſt ſtanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and nightly devotion.

Ye that obey th' immortal King
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bleſs his wondrous grace. 4

2. Liſt up your hands by morning light
And ſend your ſouls on high,
Raiſe your admiring thoughts by night
Above the ſtarry ſky. 8

3. The God of Sion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace,
The God that ſpread the heav'ns abroad
And rules the ſwelling ſeas‡. 12

‡ This Pſalm, with ſeveral others near it, is called a *Song of Degrees*, that is, to be ſung on the ſteps aſcending to the tabernacle or temple, as the learned ſuppoſe. The king and his attendants ſung the two firſt verſes, addreſſing themſelves to the Levites that kept the houſe of the Lord, and the third verſe is the reſponſe of the Levites to the King. There was a neceſſity of changing the form of this Pſalm to ſuit it to our uſual Chriſtian worſhip.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 1,—4, 14, 19,—21. Firſt part.

Long Metre.

The church is God's houſe and care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye ſaints that to his houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his gate.

2. Praiſe ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praiſe his name is ſweet employ:
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His church is his peculiar joy.

3. The Lord himſelf will judge his ſaints;
He treats his ſervants as his friends,
And when he hears their ſore complaints
Repents the ſorrows that he ſends.

4. Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppreſſor's rod;
He gives his ſuff'ring ſervants reſt,
And will be known th' almighty God.

5. Bleſs ye the Lord who taſte his love,
People and prieſts exalt his name;
Amongſt his ſaints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jeruſalem.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 5,—12. Second part. Long Met.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, and deſtruction of enemies.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in earth, or ſea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done. 4

2. At his command the vapours riſe,
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders roar,
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempeſt from his airy ſtore. 8

3. 'Twas he thoſe dreadful tokens ſent,
O Egypt! thro' thy ſtubborn land,
When all thy firſt-born, beaſts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand. 12

4. What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He ſlew, and their whole country gave
To Iſrael whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's ſlave. 16

5. His pow'r the ſame, the ſame his grace,
That ſaves us from the hoſts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to poſſeſs
Whence thoſe apoſtate angels fell ‡. 20

‡ This Pſalm was too long to be ſung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two parts conveniently without tranſpoſing the verſe conſiderably as in the titles. The ejection of the Canaanites and the inheritance of their land given to Iſrael is a fair figure of the inheritance of heaven given to the ſaints, whence ſinning angels were ejected, as in the laſt ſtanza.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, not to idols.

AWAKE ye ſaints to praiſe your King,
Your ſweeteſt paſſions raiſe,
Your pious pleaſure while you ſing
Increaſing with the praiſe. 4

2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ,
But ſtill his ſaints are near his throne,
His treaſure and his joy. 8

3. Heav'n, earth, and ſea, confeſs his hand,
He bids the vapours riſe,
Lightning and ſtorm at his command
Sweep thro' the founding ſkies. 12

4. All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone,
But Heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah 's known. 16

5. Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
Can give them ſhow'rs of rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring duſt,
And pray to gold in vain. 20

[6. Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave,
Their feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to ſave. 24

wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel
/ salvation of his people.

thanks to God the sov'reign Lord,
nercies still endure,
be the King of kings ador'd,
ruth is ever sure.
What wonders hath his wisdom done!
mighty is his hand!
'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone;
wide is his command!

his Psalm is much abridged in this metre to reduce t
seful parts of it to one shorter divine song. In the fi
I have borrowed a verse from *Jer.* xiv. 22. *Are th*
mong the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain?

4. He ſtruck the ſons of Egypt dead,
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led,
How gracious is our God!

5. He cleft the ſwelling ſea in two,
His arm is great in might,
And gave the tribes a paſſage thro',
His pow'r and grace unite.

6. But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd,
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his ſaints thro' deſert ground,
Eternal be his praiſe.

7. Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his ſword,
While Iſrael took the promis'd land,
And faithful is his word.

8. He ſaw the nations dead in ſin,
He felt his pity move;

10. Give thanks to God the heav'nly King,
His mercies ſtill endure,
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing,
His truth is ever ſure†.

PSALM CXXXVI. as the 148th Pſalm.

GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord,
The ſov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2. How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

† In every ſtanza of this Pſalm I have endeavoured to imitate the chorus or burden of the ſong, *For his mercy endureth for ever*, and yet to maintain a perpetual variety.

3. His wiſdom fram'd the ſun
To crown the day with light,
The moon and twinkling ſtars
To cheer the darkſome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

4. He ſmote the firſt-born ſons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead,
And thence his choſen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

5. His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red ſea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous paſſage thro'.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

6. But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his hoſt he drown'd,
And brought his Iſrael ſafe
Thro' a long deſert ground.

Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7. The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand,
While his own ſervants took
Poſſeſſion of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

8. He ſaw the nations lie
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,

10. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King,
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word †. 30

PSALM CXXXI. Abridged. Long Metre.

GIVE to our God immortal praiſe,
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 4

2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When lords and kings are known no more. 8

3. He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 12

† In this metre and the next I have maintained the chorus, *For his mercy endureth for ever*, in a double form, to be uſed alternately, that is, in every other ſtanza.

4. He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more. 16

5. The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 20

6. He ſaw the Gentiles dead in ſin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When death and ſin ſhall reign no more. 24

7. He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 28

8. Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When this vain world ſhall be no more. 32

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and preſerving grace.

[WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I 'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong and join the praiſe. 4

5. Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3. I 'll sing thy truth and mercy Lord,
I 'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4. To God I cry'd when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

5. The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great,
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6. Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand,
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7. Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes ‡.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The allseeing God.

LORD! thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh, with all their pow'rs.

2. My thoughts before they are my own
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3. Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand;
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

4. Amazing knowledge vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul with all the pow'rs I boaſt
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

5. O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6. Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs, prove
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run!

7. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light,
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8. If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

9. Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

10. O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11. The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy allſearching eyes,
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Thro' midnight ſhades as blazing noon.

12. Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God! they 're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye. 48

13. O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there. 52

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Long Metre.

The wonderful formation of man.

'Twas from thy hand, my God! I came,
A work of ſuch a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy ſkill divine. 4

2. Thine eyes did all my limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book. 8

3. By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign counſels fram'd
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art. 12

4. At laſt to ſhew my Maker's name
God ſtamp'd his image on my frame,
And in ſome unknown moment join'd
The finiſh'd members to the mind. 16

6. Lord
I've
Thy
The
And
Before
The
8.
With
And
God

2. Does not my ſoul deteſt and hate
The ſons of malice and deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy laws and thee
I count them enemies to me. 8

3. Lord! ſearch my ſoul, try ev'ry thought,
Tho' my own heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe diſguiſe
I beg the trial of thine eyes. 12

4. Doth ſecret miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown ſin?
O turn my feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect way ‡. 16

‡ In this noble Pſalm I have not refuſed the aid of my predeceſſors, chiefly Mr. Tate. In ſome places where I have borrowed I hope I have improved the verſe, and in others my own deſign conſtrained me to leave out the words of a more poetick ſound, ſuch as *infernal plains*, *morning's wings*, *weſtern main*, *fable wings of night*, *thapeleſs embryo*, *maze of life*, &c.; yet I have endeavoured to maintain the ſpirit of the Pſalmiſt in plainer language — The epiphonema, or the burden of the ſong, that I have inſerted three times in the firſt part, was not introduced by any means to add beauty to the poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient lengths for ſinging, which has too often ruined the ode and debaſed it.

PSALM CXXXIX. Firſt part. Common Metre.

God is every where.

In all my vaſt concerns with thee
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye. 4

2. Thy allſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My publick walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt. 8

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the ſenſe I mean. 12

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide. 16

5. So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love. 20

PAUSE.

6. Lord! where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7. Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath
To 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave reſign.

8. If wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand which muſt ſupport my flight
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

9. If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

10. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee,
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee!

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Common Metre.

The wiſdom of God in the formation of man.

WHEN I with pleaſing wonder ſtand
And all my frame ſurvey,
Lord! 't is thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2. Thy hand my heart and reins poſſeſs'd
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wiſdom all my features trac'd
And all my members drew:

3. Thine eye with niceſt care ſurvey'd
The growth of ev'ry part,
Till the whole ſcheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.

4. Heav'n, earth, and ſea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous ſkill,
But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner wonders ſtill.

5. Thy awful glories round me ſhine,
My fleſh proclaims thy praiſe;
Lord! to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. ver. 14, 17, 18. Third part.
Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening Pſalm.

LORD! when I count thy mercies o'er
They ſtrike me with ſurpriſe;
Not all the ſands that ſpread the ſhore
To equal numbers riſe.

2. My fleſh with fear and wonder ſtands,
The product of thy ſkill,
And hourly bleſſings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3. Theſe on my heart by night I keep,
How kind how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my ſleep
Still find my thoughts with thee. 12

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulneſs and brotherly reproof.

A morning or evening Pſalm.

My God! accept my early vows,
Like morning incenſe in thine houſe,
And let my nightly worſhip riſe
Sweet as the ev'ning ſacrifice. 4

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them Lord
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs word,
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where ſinners lead. 8

3. O may the righteous when I ſtray
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words like ointment ſhed
Shall never bruiſe but cheer my head. 12

4. When I behold them preſs'd with grief
I 'll cry to heav'n for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love. 16

PSALM CXLII.

God is the hope of the helpless.

To God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief,
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2. My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God! who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3. On ev'ry side I cast mine eye
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

4. Then did I raise a louder cry
And call'd thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."

5. Lord I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I 'ave an almighty Friend.

6. From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

My righteous Judge! my gracious God!
Hear when I ſpread my hands abroad,
And cry for ſuccour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known. 4

2. Let judgment not againſt me paſs,
Behold thy ſervant pleads thy grace:
Should juſtice call us to thy bar
No man alive is guiltleſs there. 8

3. Look down in pity Lord! and ſee
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the duſt my life is brought
Like one long bury'd and forgot. 12

4. I dwell in darkneſs and unſeen,
My heart is deſolate within,
My thoughts in muſing ſilence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace. 16

5. Thence I derive a glimpſe of hope
To bear my ſinking ſpirits up,
I ſtretch my hands to God again,
And thirſt like parched lands for rain. 20

6. For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn,
When will thy ſmiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love? 24

7. My God! thy long delay to ſave
Will ſink thy priſ'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye,
Make haſte to help before I die.

8. The night is witneſs to my tears,
Diſtreſſing pains, diſtreſſing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!

9. In thee I truſt, to thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy ſoul on high,
For thee ſit waiting all the day,
And wear the tireſome hours away.

10. Break off my fetters Lord! and ſhow
Which is the path my feet ſhould go;
If ſnares and foes beſet the road
I fly to hide me near my God.

11. Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above:

12. Then ſhall my ſoul no more complain,
The tempter then ſhall rage in vain,
And fleſh that was my foe before
Shall never vex my ſpirit more.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his wor
To arm me for the field.

2. When sin and hell their forc
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly figh
And guards me thro' the war.

3. A friend and helper so divin
Doth my weak courage raise,
He makes the glorious vict'ry mi
And his shall be the praise †.

† The sense of a great part of this P
peated in the book of Psalms; I have
three small parts of it, and formed th

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. Second part.

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

LORD! what is man, poor feeble man!
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2. O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3. That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 12,—15. Third part.

Grace above riches, or, *The happy nation.*

HAPPY the city where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2. Happy the country where the ſheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increaſe,
Where men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor ſons of plunder break the peace. 6

3. Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſs'd are thoſe
On whom the allſufficient God
Himſelf with all his grace beſtows. 12

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

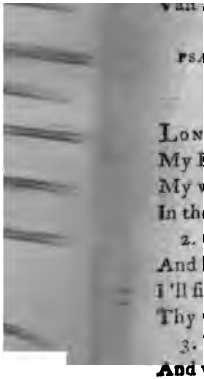
The greatneſs of God.

My God, my King! thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong. 4

2. The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee. 8

3. Thy truth and juſtice I 'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows an endleſs ſtream,
Thy mercy ſwift, thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe. 12

4. Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let Britain round her ſhores proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name. 16



vain and immortal be thy praise ‡.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1,—7, 11,—13. F

The greatneſs of God.

LONG as I live I 'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love!
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright world above.

2. Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknow
And let his pow'r be great,
I 'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3. Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tong
And while my lips rejoice
The men that hear my ſacred ſong

4. Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name
And children learn thy ways,
Ages to come thy truth proclaim
And nations ſound thy praiſe. 16

5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known,
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,
With publick ſplendour ſhown. 20

6. The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love,
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands
Tho' rocks and hills remove. 24

PSALM CXLV. Second part.

The goodneſs of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing. 4

2. God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies,
Thro' the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies. 8

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good. 12

To cheer the souls he loves.

5. Creatures with all their [illegible]
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim,
But saints that taste thy [illegible]
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. [illegible]

Mercy to sufferers, &c. [illegible]

Let ev'ry tongue thy [illegible],
Thou sov'reign Lord of all!
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the [illegible],
And raise the poor that fall.

2. When sorrow bows the spirit [illegible]
[illegible] lies distrest
[illegible] some proud [illegible]
[illegible]

4. He knows the pains his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5. His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere,
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

[6. His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain,
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay
"They fought his aid in vain."]

[7. My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God†.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart ſhall join
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.

† The various tranſpoſitions that I have made in ſeveral parts of this Pſalm were neceſſary to divide it into proper lengths for publick worſhip, and to reduce the verſes of a like tenor together.

[illegible] ne'er be past
[illegible] life, and thought, and being, last.

3. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5. His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind
He helps the strange[illegible]

PSALM CXLVI. as the 113th Pſalm.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

I 'll praiſe my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While life, and thought, and being, laſt,
Or immortality endures. 6

2. Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt:
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vaniſh in an hour,
Nor can they make their promiſe good. 12

3. Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train;
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure,
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain. 18

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind,
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe. 24

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Sion! ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
6. I 'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First part.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

Praise ye the Lord; it is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
2. The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name,
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
3. He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4. Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

PAUSE.

5. Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his cloud all round the ſky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

6. He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn,
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7. What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, the warlike horſe,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8. But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight,
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second part.

Summer and winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O Britain! praiſe thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
He bid the ocean round thee flow,
Not bars of braſs could guard thee ſo.
2. Thy children are ſecure and bleſt,
Thy ſhores have peace, thy cities reſt;
He feeds thy ſons with fineſt wheat,
And adds his bleſſing to their meat.
3. Thy changing ſeaſons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains,
His flakes of ſnow like wool he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing corn defends.
4. With hoary froſt he ſtrews the ground,
His hail deſcends with clatt'ring ſound;
Where is the man ſo vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful cold!
5. He bids the ſouthern breezes blow,
The ice diſſolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praiſe.

The ſeaſons of the year.

ſongs and honours ſounding loud
the Lord on high,
e heav'ns he ſpreads his cloud,
ters veil the ſky.
ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſing down
r the plains below,
es the graſs the mountains crown,
n in vallies grow.
gives the grazing ox his meat,
s the raven's cry,
n who taſtes his fineſt wheat
raiſe his honours high.
s ſteady counſels change the face
declining year,
the ſun cut ſhort his race
ntry-days appear.
s hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow,

6. When from his dreadful ſtores on high
He pours the rattling hail
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.
7. He ſends his word and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn,
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.
8. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

Ye tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the ſong.

air.
fhining worlds above
is order ſtand,
ft courſes move
preme command.
the word,
heir frame
hing came
the Lord.
nov'd their mighty wheels
wn ages paſt.
his word fulfils
ne and nature laſt.
nt ways
s proclaim
lrous name,
k his praiſe.

PAUSE.

all the earth-born race,
ſters of the deep,
hat cleave the ſeas,

From ſea and ſhore
Their tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's pow'r.
6. Ye vapours, hail, and ſnow,
Praiſe ye th' almighty Lord,
And ſtormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings ſhine
Or thunders roar
Let earth adore
His hand divine.
7. Ye mountains near the ſkies
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler ſize
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.
8. Ye kings and judges fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King,
And while you rule us here
His heav'nly honours ſing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and ſtate
Make you forget
His pow'r ſupreme.

Let all the nations fear
God that rules above;
ings his people near,
nakes them taſte his love.
earth and ſky
ot his praiſe
ats ſhall raiſe
ours high.

PSALM CXLVIII *. paraphraſed. Long Metre.

Univerſal praiſe to God.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell,
Let heav'n begin the ſolemn word,
And ſound it dreadful down to hell. 4

2. The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heav'nly ſtrains,
And ſpeak how fierce his terrours be. 8

3. High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of ſhining bliſs;
Fly thro' the world O ſun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his. 12

4. Awake ye tempeſts, and his fame
In ſounds of dreadful praiſe declare,
And the ſweet whiſper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air. 16

* This Pſalm may be ſung to the tune of the old cxiith or cxxviith Pſalm if theſe two lines be added to every ſtanza, namely,

Each of his works his name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual tunes of the long metre.

ouds, and winds, and waves, agree
ir praiſe with blazing fire,
n earth and rolling ſea
nal ſong conſpire.
w'ry plains proclaim his ſkill,
ow before his eye,
praiſe from ev'ry hill
l to the neighb'ring ſky.
bborn oaks and ſtately pines
high branches and adore,
ye beaſts in diff'rent ſtrains,
muſt bleat, the lion roar.
ye muſt make his praiſe your theme,
nands a ſong from you,
dumb fiſh that cut the ſtream
d mean his praiſes too.
als, can you refrain your tongue
re all around you ſings?

12. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord;
From all below and all above
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord. 4

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal praiſe.

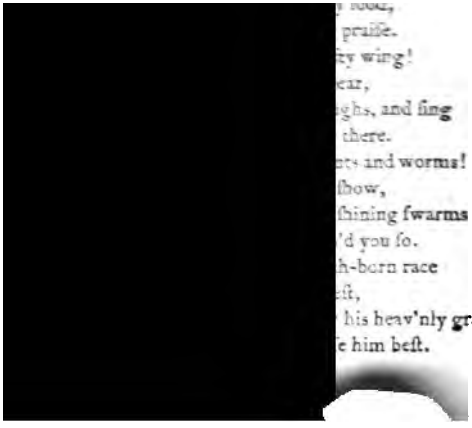
LET ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts! the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad. 4

2. Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights! ye twinkling flames!
Shine to your Maker's praiſe. 8

3. He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name. 12

4. Ye vapours! when ye riſe
Or fall in ſhow'rs or ſnow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the ſkies!
His pow'r and glory ſhow. 16

5. Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.



14. Let vig'rous youth engage
To ſound his praiſes high,
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feeble voices try.

15. United zeal be ſhown
His wondrous fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.

16. Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bleſt;
But ſaints that dwell ſo near his heart
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.